ONCE BOUGHT, ALWAYS BOUGHT.

SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 305. FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3, 1894 [PRICE ONE PENNY.

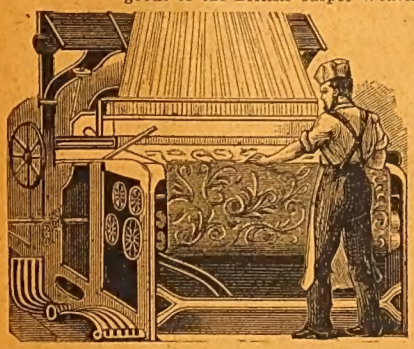
IF YOU INTEND TO BUY

Buy New Carpets at the Price of Old.

It would be ridiculous to buy old carpets, old designs, shop-worn, out-of-date goods, when you can purchase a stylish GENUINE, WOVEN, REVERSIBLE TRIUMPH CARPET suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., for

4/- Each. **4s. Postal Order or 50 Stamps,** **4/- Each.**

handsomely bordered and woven in fifty different patterns and colourings, to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sold as an advertisement for the goods of the British Carpet Weaving Company, below the actual cost of production. Thousands have already been sold at almost double above prices.



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The *Queen* says: "Decidedly stouter and handsomer than any of the kind, the price being the astounding part of the matter." *Schoolmistress:* "For style, durability, and cheapness they cannot be beaten." *Penny Illustrated Paper:* "Manufactured in every variety of colour, and is one of the most surprising bargains I have seen." *Church Bells:* "Truly wonderful value."

Hundreds of unsolicited testimonials are being received from delighted purchasers who have had these carpets in use for years.

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65, Abbey Street, Nuneaton, Warwickshire. "Mrs. Bostock will thank the British Carpet Weaving Co. to send her one of their Carpets, for which she encloses postal order. She has had one of these Carpets in constant wear for some years now, and finds it the best wearing and cheapest carpet she can get."

Do not miss this opportunity, it may not occur again.

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On receipt of this order form, and Postal Order or stamps, we guarantee to send any goods, as above, to your address in any part of the United Kingdom. Money returned if not approved.
(Signed) THE BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO.

All orders despatched in rotation same day as received. Cheques and Postal orders to be made payable to J. HARGREAVES, Secretary, and crossed "UNION BANK." Address—

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One little bottle of Norton's Pills
Is not guaranteed to cure all ills,
But one little bottle, beyond all question,
Will thoroughly conquer Indigestion!

100 years' Reputation as an unequalled remedy for Indigestion, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Stomach and Liver Complaints. In Bottles 1/1½, 2/9, and 11/-, of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Ask for NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS and do not take a substitute.

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200 Dozen or 2,400 Pairs of this Celebrated Make alone delivered this season in London per Day. The great question of the day with all Ladies is the Fashion in Corsets, which grows year by year, until our Special Artistes have produced corsets for every type of figure.—**IZOD'S CORSETS** are cut on scientific principles, with a precision of accuracy formerly unknown.——**IZODS** draw Ladies' attention to their Long Waisted Corsets, which have been designed by their British and Foreign Artistes, which are the best the world produces.—The Ladies' Tailors always recommend these celebrated goods for the elegance with which they set off a tailor-made dress and create a long waist and graceful figure. They are made in a variety of qualities, and are beautiful and inexpensive. Every pair stamped on busk **Izod's Long Waisted**, and also on lid of the box.——To be had of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in Europe, India, Canada, United States, Australia, the whole of the British Colonies, and throughout the world.——Write for our Sheet of Drawings.

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Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

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Don't miss this grand opportunity.

THE MARVELLOUS "CHAMPION" SLIDE VALVE STEAM ENGINE.—As is no doubt well known, a slide valve cylinder is the most expensive kind made, and in fact our lowest for a slide valve cylinder itself is 7s., yet we now offer a large substantial Engine with powerful boiler, stand, furnace, fly wheel, pulley wheel, governors, metal supports, and slide valve cylinder, complete, 5s. 6d., with whistle, water tap, steam tap, very superior, 10s. 6d. These engines are sufficiently powerful to work all the models sold by us.

THE EXPRESS STEAM LOCOMOTIVE.—A beautifully japanned locomotive, with all brass fittings, dome, whistle, safety valve, starting lever, 6 wheels (all flanged), and two powerful cylinders. Only 10s. 6d., free 11s.

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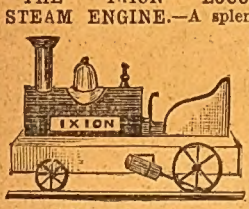
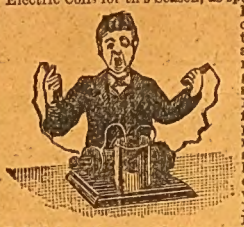


THE ECLIPSE ELECTRIC COIL.—We are offering the most wonderful value in Electric Coils for this Season, as special leading lines. Each one guaranteed to work, and to administer good strong shocks. No. 1 Coil is finished complete, and mounted on stand with handles and connecting wires. Price 1s., post free 1s. 3d. No. 2 Coil is a larger and more powerful ditto, better finished, and furnished with brass terminals, and is a very superior article, 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 9d. No. 3 Coil is equal to many charged 10s. 6d. for. This Coil has a regulating handle for increasing or decreasing the strength as required, and is fit for any Drawing Room, Bazaar, Lecture Hall, &c. Price 5s. 6d., post free 6s. No. 4, very handsome large Coil, with reversing motion, 10s. 6d. Any ordinary Bichromate Batteries will work these Coils, and as most people have batteries now-a-days, no further expense is incurred, but if needful, we supply a strong Bichromate Battery suitable for working No. 1 and 2 Coils for 1s. 3d., post free; or a larger ditto for the 5s. 6d and 10s. 6d. Coil, for 2s., post free 2s. 4½d. We now give a small Battery free with every Coil sold.



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EAU de SUEZ

VACCINE for the MOUTH
Strengthens the Gums
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The only Dentifrice securing
BEAUTIFUL TEETH

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Book on the Skin and Diet free.

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permanently cured. A pamphlet giving sound practical advice, and full particulars of a successful treatment for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home-cure, forwarded free to all upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Prof. F. W. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London. (Mention this paper.)

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Knits STOCKINGS (ribbed or plain) GLOVES and CLOTHING in WOOL, SILK or COTTON. INSTRUCTIONS FREE. Lists free per post. TRIUMPHANT AWARD at PARIS. The only WINNER in the WORLD of 7 GOLD MEDALS and 19 other Honours.

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ON SALE, with 25 per cent. Discount for Cash, or 14s. 6d. per month (Second-hand 10s. 6d. per month) on the three years' system.—Lists Free of C. STILES and CO., 40 and 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, London. Pianos Exchanged.

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EASY PAYMENTS.

WITH EXPRESSION STOP

ONLY 4/- MONTHLY.

Plays hymns, popular airs, quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, hornpipes, &c.; any tune can be played with artistic effect by any one. A mere child can play it. Most Marvellous Musical Instrument in the World.

Price 30s. Terms 4s. deposit and 4s. monthly.

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Write for list of music and full particulars.

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J. M. DRAPER,

Organette Works, Blackburn.

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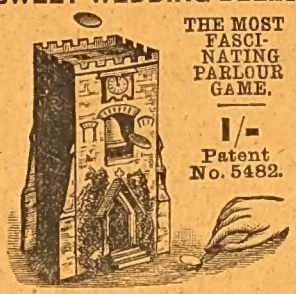

THE MOST FASCINATING PARLOUR GAME.

1/-

Patent No. 5482.

Obtainable of all Stationery and Fancy Dealers.

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permanently and absolutely by an entirely new and harmless self-treatment. Total destruction guaranteed. This marvellous remedy has never yet failed. Pamphlet, giving full particulars, sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Prof. F. W. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London. (Mention this paper.)

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The New (No. 2) Design True Lovers' Knot

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Silver, 5s.; Gold, 30s.; Post Free.

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Mr. COLLINS (who was 30 years a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England), will forward free of Charge, full PARTICULARS of a REMEDY, which during an extensive practice both at home and in the Colonies, he has never known to fail in the most OBSTINATE CASES of OBSTRUCTION and IRREGULARITIES. Send addressed envelope for full particulars, and waste no more time and money on useless Pills and so-called Remedies, &c., which, in the majority of cases, are nothing but PURGATIVES, and cause SICKNESS, PROSTRATION, and PAIN, without having the desired effect.

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D. COLLINS,

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The most powerful and effective on earth.

For the most obstinate cases. Will not injure the most delicate. Price 7s. 6d. (Strongest, 11s. per bottle); post free, 6d. extra. HERBAL INSTITUTE, 1a, Hackney Road (opposite Shoreditch Church), London, N.E. Send at once stamped directed envelope for particulars and proofs. I will forfeit £100 for every testimonial that is not genuine, and they can be seen at any time.

A Real Boon to Ladies.

TO Especially to those who wish to know of a safe, certain, and speedy remedy for all irregularities and obstructions, a remed which, under the most trying circumstances and in the most difficult and OBSTINATE CASES, NEVER FAILS TO AFFORD RELIEF, GENERALLY IN A FEW HOURS. LADIES

No case hopeless, failure is simply impossible, as Mrs. Snow, of Denmark Hill, Camberwell, writes:—

"By adopting your treatment my anxiety and misery was over within twenty-four hours, although I had been daily taking pills and other things in vain. Half the quantity you sent proved effective, to my intense joy and surprise.

A sworn guarantee is enclosed with all testimonials and medicine, which is inexpensive, as one bottle at 4s. 6d. (by post, 4s. 9d.) is usually sufficient for any case.

Full particulars will be gladly forwarded to any lady on receipt of addressed envelope.

Write privately to—

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TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL & STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES

QUICKLY CORRECT ALL IRREGULARITIES, REMOVE ALL OBSTRUCTIONS and RELIEVE the distressing SYMPTOMS so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. (the latter size contains three times the quantity), of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps, by the maker,

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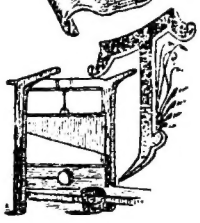
SHORT STORIES.

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

No. 305.] *FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 3, 1894.* [PRICE ONE PENNY.

RIPE FOR THE GUILLOTINE



"TWO bad boys don't make a good one," I said to my two youngsters, with whom I had been arguing this interesting point, "any more than two bad jokes make a good one."

"Well," replied Leonard, the elder lad, with a half smile, "but two good boys don't make a bad one; and I don't see why you should conclude we are going to do something bad because we want to do it together."

There was a humorous force in the retort which one could not but admit; but it had not, at the moment, the slightest influence with me. The fact was they had just been making me such an extraordinary request, that I did not feel it necessary to discuss the matter at all. It was holiday time, and they had suddenly come and requested my permission to go off to Paris together, "only for a few days."

The idea of allowing two lads of fifteen and seventeen to run away on a jaunt to Paris alone was one which, I considered, no reasonable parent could entertain; and they knew that business engagements at that time made it quite impossible for me to accompany them. Certainly, they had both been there before, with me; and my younger boy, Antholin, was a remarkably good French scholar; but that made no difference to the absurdity of their present petition.

"Well, there, get away," I said; "I'm busy, and we'll talk about it in the morning."

"But, please, we ought to start in the morning," urged Leonard—"by the boat train at eleven o'clock."

Antholin's face bore a look of anxiety that vexed me. Why on earth did they say "we *ought* to start"?

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, "you must not bother. I have to go out directly. Wait till to-night, anyhow."

I left the house shortly after; and in passing down the Cromwell Road, where we lived, I ran against an old American friend, Captain Hawkes, whom I had not seen since I was across the ocean some years before; and he greeted me very cordially.

"Why, this is quite a lucky *rencontre*" (ren-counter, he called it)—"I've only been in your city two days, and am off to the Continent to-morrow."

"To the Continent!" I said; "and where are you bound for?"

"Pa-wris" (American for Paris), he replied; "eleven o'clock from Victoria; a boat train, they call it."

"The eleven o'clock!" I answered, as a thought flashed into my mind. "Would you mind doing a little kindness for me?"

"Any amount of 'em, inside of ten thousand dollars."

I laughed at the characteristic answer.

"No, no, I'm not broke yet. You don't know my two boys by sight, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you can't mistake them, they are so nearly of a height, though there's two years between them; and Antholin, the youngest, is the image of his mother, whom you do know. They are going over together for a few days, and I want you kindly to keep an eye upon them, as well as you can, and just let me know how they get on. But I want you to do it without making yourself known. I have a reason."

"Well, that's a freak," laughed my friend; but I saw that he thought it nothing peculiar. "I'll look out for them on the boat, and write you."

I walked on, with my thoughts turned upon business affairs, and on a little domestic annoyance which had occurred to me just then. A youth of Spanish extraction, whom I had taken into the house on good recommendations as assistant to my butler, had fallen out with me the day before about some trivial matter of his household duties, and I had had occasion to speak to him rather sharply. The next morning (the same day of which I write) he had disappeared—apparently for good. But as he took nothing away with him except his own property, I was not much troubled, and rather looked upon it as a good riddance. It was inconvenient having to replace him; but it never occurred to me to connect the matter with any other events of the moment. I thought it likely he would turn up penitent in a few days, and get his final dismissal.

On returning home, as I passed down the hall, I heard the boys' voices in my study, apparently in earnest conference. As I entered I said:

"Well, boys—no more news of Sanchez, I suppose?"

"No, papa, not a trace," replied Leonard.

Antholin came close up to me, with that same curious expression of suppressed anxiety on his face which I had never seen there until now. His voice quavered slightly as he said, "Dad, dear, we don't want to worry, but have you thought any more about our going to-morrow!"

"Well, I don't know," I replied, "perhaps you might go to the Baronne de Marcuard; she wouldn't mind having you for a few days. But, of course, you ought to have written first."

Antholin's face lightened as he saw that he had gained his point; yet he did not look like himself.

"Can we go by that train then?"

"Yes, I suppose so. What money shall you want?"

They both looked at me gratefully, but seeming to say mutely that, though they knew I was mystified, they could not enlighten me. I provided them with the necessary supplies, and they prepared methodically for their visit.

The following morning, which was a cold and dreary one, I saw the boys off from Victoria, and they started with seeming contentment, though without any of the boyish delight which would usually accompany such a trip.

. . . . . .

The boys wrote to me soon after their arrival in Paris, in a satisfactory tone generally, but without saying much of what they were doing, and without fixing their date of return.

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I saw the boys off from Victoria.

When the eighth day after their departure had passed I was getting uneasy, and had made up my mind to write decisively and call them back. But on the morning of the ninth day I received the following letter :—

"Hotel Continental, Paris.

"DEAR SIR LEONARD HARSTON,

"Your two chaps are all right, so far as I know, but they have the quaintest notions of spending a holiday I ever saw. I talked to them (as a stranger) on the boat coming over, and again when I met them here; they seem to be staying at a house on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, which, according to the directory, belongs to a Baroness Somebody-or-other. They don't seem to go to any of the show places, nor to have any fun, yet are always on the run, as if the business of the state depended on them. I didn't write sooner, because I know you have heard from them; but yesterday I met them on the Rue St. Roch, with a solid, respectable-looking Frenchman, who, I hear, is a distinguished sergeant of police. Just what they are after I can't give you an idea; but, by their looks, it certainly wasn't any amusement, and I am sure it can't be any harm. I thought you might like to hear; but probably by this time you know more about it than I do. It seemed odd, because that officer is said to be specially engaged on the trial of the Anarchists. I shall come to see you on my return.

"Respectfully,

SIMEON HAWKES."

I could make nothing of this but further mystification. I knew well enough the boys could be doing no intentional mischief. They were all safe with our friend the Baronne; and a well-known police officer could surely mean them no harm. But what trouble they might get into innocently it was impossible to foresee, and my anxiety increased. I was utterly puzzled how to act in order to relieve it. What on earth could it all mean?

I could not fix my mind upon anything else, and remained in my study all the morning, fidgeting about, straightening things up and putting them crooked again, in a state of nervous agitation. Just as I was trying to reach an old hat-box which someone had placed upside down on the top of a book-stand, a servant entered and put into my hands a telegram from Paris, which I anxiously tore open. It was written in French, to this effect :—

"Father, do not fail to lock the study instantly, and let no one go near it until I see you. Will be back to-morrow.

"ANTHOLIN."

I shall be excused if I thought that either my boy or I myself must have gone crazy. Yet the earnestness and urgency of this strange instruction seemed unmistakable. Lock up the study? In the name of patience, what for? But if I knew my boy at all, he meant what he said—and meant it more than seriously. I threw myself into my chair to consider for a moment whether I should apparently make a fool of myself by obeying his order. The room was always open to the family; and how should I account for such an unusual and seemingly idiotic proceeding?

As I pondered, the morning paper lay on the table before me, and my eye fell upon this paragraph :—

ARREST OF THE ANARCHIST ROQUELIN.

The man Roquelin, who has passed by the names of Calverley, Sanchez, Montano, and other aliases, was at last arrested this evening on the Boulevard Mont Parnasse. He arrived last week from London, where he had lately taken service in a private house, which he made an attempt to wreck by violent means. His purpose is said to have been frustrated by the efforts of two young sons of the family, who succeeded in tracking him to Paris; but the details of this story are not yet confirmed.

The names suddenly fixed my rambling attention. Sanchez! Could this have been my hot-tempered under-butler? And the "two young sons"—good heavens, was the mystery explaining itself in this way? It seemed almost absurd to connect the two events, and yet the double coincidence was singular. I am not usually of a vacillating turn, nor yet given to hasty conclusions; but within two minutes I had risen from my seat, left the room, turned the key in the lock, and put it in my pocket. Meeting the upper housemaid in the hall I told her that I wished some things in the study to remain undisturbed for a day or two, and would keep the door fastened.

Then I forcibly turned my attention to other matters, and put the best curb I could on my impatience. My wife arrived home from the north in the evening, and we discussed the whole question anxiously, but without result. The boys were coming home; and my trust in them was supreme.

If I were restless the previous night, it was nothing to the apprehension which kept me wakeful now. At an early hour the following morning we were again in the drawing-room, talking over the mystery and trying to decide on some plan of action. Just before the breakfast hour the door opened and Leonard rushed in.

"It's all right, papa—we have found it out!"

Before we could reply, Antholin followed. He was not, as a rule, a demonstrative boy; but now he passed before his brother and threw himself into my arms with a single sob of mixed excitement, anxiety, and relief.

"Oh, dad—you are safe up to now! Don't punish us—we couldn't manage it any other way."

"My dear boy, I am not thinking of punishing you," I answered, "but you must explain at once what all this means."

"Is the study all safe?" he asked breathlessly.

A telegram from Paris.

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"It is locked up since I had your message."

Antholin sighed, and recovered himself partially.

"You tell the story, Lenny," he said, under his breath.

"Well, papa," said Leonard—"but you had better send for the police first. You will want them, anyhow."

I thought there was sufficient reason, and did so at once. In ten minutes an inspector was announced from the nearest station.

"Now go ahead and tell your tale, Leonard," I said, when the officer had been shown into the room.

"Well, father, you must know that very early on the morning when Sanchez ran away, Antholin went downstairs to get some matches, and he heard Sanchez talking very loudly in the small pantry, and being answered by a strange voice. And the first thing he said was that he had fixed up something in the study which would send you—and he called you a horrid name—into everlasting shivers. He said that in English; and then he went on in French, and told how he had arranged to go to Paris, *en prince*, by the club train the next day 'in this get-up'; and Antholin peeped in at the door, and saw what the disguise was, so that we knew him again. And then we talked about it together, and decided we would go too, and we made you let us; and we had an awful scramble to keep out of his sight at Victoria. We tracked him in Paris to a place in the Quartier Latin, and a man told us he was one of the Anarchist people; then one of the police came to us at the Baronne's, and we told an American gentleman we had met on the steamer about it—after he saw us with the sergeant; and he helped us ever so much, and we went together and got into a room next to the one where Sanchez was telling three other men about you, and so we found out at last what he had done."

"And now—now," put in Antholin, with all a boy's eagerness for a suitable *dénouement*, "if you come down to the study, we can show you where it is—but you will have to be terribly careful!"

The police inspector listened to all this hurried description with a grave smile, and, after asking the boys a few pointed questions, he turned to me:

"Will you please wait an hour, Sir Leonard, while I communicate with headquarters; and then we shall be ready to investigate the matter and place your house in safety. Meanwhile keep your study carefully secured. This was the man who was wanted in Paris for——" and he named a recent catastrophe which had stirred the indignation of the whole world.

We breakfasted quietly, listening to the boys' story in full detail; and in less than an hour the inspector returned accompanied by two other officials, one of whom I found was a chemist. A few more questions followed, after which we proceeded to the study, and I unlocked and opened the door. Antholin walked boldly in; but my wife being present, the rest of us held back—I must confess with some trepidation.

"Now," said Antholin from the middle of the room, "do you know what I am looking at?"

I followed his gaze, which was directed to the top of a bookcase where there happened to be an old valise and hat-box of mine—the latter of which I have mentioned before.

"Great Heaven—not the hat-box?" I exclaimed, as a pang of recollection shot through me.

"Yes," replied my boy, looking at me with some surprise; "you had better take it down, now; but for your life don't turn it over!"

The chemist approached the bookstand, and mounting a chair, carefully lifted the hat-box down without changing its position, which, as I said before, was bottom upwards. The cover was loose, and he pulled it open downwards. The mouth of the box was stuffed with some crumpled newspaper, and this he gently drew out. Inside, and resting on the paper, was a common round tin case, such as people keep tea or tobacco in, also placed with the lid downwards. Antholin instinctively drew back towards us.

My heart thrilled as I thought how narrowly I had escaped turning the hat-box over (thinking it had been inadvertently upset) when the opportune arrival of Antholin's message had so strangely held my hand.

Placed the tin in a full basin of water.

"We will examine this now," said the chemist. "Have you some water?"

We led him into the adjoining lavatory, where he placed the tin in a full basin of water, and then carefully worked the lid off. As he did this, a brownish liquid ran out into the water. "An acid," the chemist said, dipping his finger and putting it to his tongue.

The case was divided inside by a tin partition which had been soldered in, and pierced with a few small holes. Above this was a quantity of yellowish white powder.

I told them how nearly I had turned the hat-box right side up, the previous day.

"Had you done so, Sir Leonard," said the expert, "you would not have been here now. The box was evidently so placed in order to induce anyone who noticed it to turn it over. In which case this acid would at once have filtered through on to the powder, and——"

We shuddered as he left us to picture the consequence. The two boys pressed to my side, and Antholin squeezed my hand silently.

"But," I exclaimed presently, "why on earth——." I paused suddenly, for the truth was dawning upon me. But I finished my sentence.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me all about this at once, when you had heard what Sanchez said? Think of the awful trouble and anxiety it would have saved!"

"Why, papa," said Antholin, with moistening eyes and a smile—his mother's own smile—"if we had come and told you there was danger somewhere in the study, and we didn't know where it was, *what would you have done?*"

I could not answer. Of course I knew perfectly well that the first thing I should have done would have been to go ramping round the room, turning everything inside out and upside down to find out where the peril lay!

I could not but feel the deepest admiration for the astuteness and forethought with which my dear lad, in the presence of an urgent danger to all of us, had restrained his impulse, and courageously followed out the only course which was likely to ensure protection to our home. His knowledge of French had indeed stood him in good stead, for when Captain Hawkes had succeeded in gaining access to the haunt of the conspirators, they had heard Roquelin describe every detail of the arrangement to his fellow rascals; and without this happy chance the mystery would only have been solved at a cost terrible to think of.

A few weeks later the penalty was paid. The head of the wretched Roquelin fell under the knife reserved for it at the hands of M. Deibler.

If the tie of affection between myself and my younger son could possibly have been strengthened by anything, I would say that it was now rendered eternal by the fact that I owed him a life—if not more.

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CONSTABLE CHISWICK'S FORTUNE

"OH, yes! a policeman's luck's 'ard enough, and as that hoperatic fellow says, speakin' up for the sympathetic portion of the public—which it allus appeared to me was a mighty blamed small contingent—'is lot ain't an 'appy one. But there's welcome breaks occasionly—things happen wot encourages a man, and although they don't happen to hisself, leads 'im to 'ope as how they may one day, if fortune ain't right dead agin 'im."

In this wise a guardian of the peace on a Regent Street beat some little time ago. I had failed to catch my last 'bus home, and at one o'clock in the morning I was slowly driving shanks' pony in a westerly direction.

It was lovely weather and the streets were tranquil. The big city of London seemed wrapped in the happy thrall of its beauty sleep. The surrounding quiet, the balmy air, and—a circumstance which it would be unfair to a gracious goddess to omit to mention—the presence between my teeth of a pipe in whose bowl a plug of navy cut was slowly undergoing fragrant incineration, all combined to induce a meditative frame of mind, which would have continued until I had arrived at my own distant doorstep, no doubt, had I not in turning into a bye-thoroughfare launched suddenly into a lonely constable, whose stalwart form had been hidden in a dense shadow thrown by the building against which he had been leaning.

"Where are you a-goin'?" he asked, as he courteously picked up my pipe, which the force of the collision had projected into the roadway, over which the scattered and burning ashes forthwith chased each other playfully. I explained; he tendered certain good-humoured advice, which I laughingly promised to follow exactly, and then we dropped into a friendly conversation, which, in due course, led up to the two or three remarks which combine to form the introductory paragraph of this narrative.

"Now, for instance," he continued, pulling vigorously at a cigar I had given him, and which he had lit, after assuring himself that neither sergeant-in-charge nor inspector was at hand, "there's Jack Chiswick, an' 'is little experience, as comes forcibly to my mind just now."

"Ah!" I queried, feeling interested, "and who was Jack Chiswick?"

"Well, Jack was a copper, you know—same as me, when I furst knowed 'im, and through bein' on beats as adjined Jack's very often, I becomes very familiar with 'im in course o' time. If you said we wus pals, you wouldn't be far out. Lor' bless you, I recollects it all so clearly, it might a' 'appened yesterday, but it didn't. More'n three years 'as travelled since Jack made 'is fortune."

It is so very seldom—more's the pity!—that one hears of a constable making his fortune, and when one does hear of such an occurrence it is such a dead certainty that the fortune has been attained in some altogether extraordinary way, that I encouraged my friend, the policeman, to proceed.

"Jack was workin' the beat over there," he went on. "It runs from that block"—which he pointed to with his index-finger, and which was plainly discernable over the way—"to yon corner, and then down Trevelyan Street until you gets to Chalker's Open, where the tenements are. He'd bin on it a fortnight, and was glad that 'e was goin' to 'ave a change I dessay—anyhow, *I* allus felt glad when the change had come, when I've been workin' it—for there are so many tip-top shops and stores, and there are so many thieves' dens lyin' scrooged up again' them, that a policeman feels very anxious while 'e's doin' duty there, and jolly satisfied when the orders come for 'im to be took off.

"Course, I'm talkin' about night duty. A kid could keep things going durin' the day. It was Sunday night, the last o' Jack's fortnight, and as Sunday is allus very quiet he considered, I suppose, that he was about as good as done with Number 10 (which is the number of the beat), and looked forward to takin' things in a easy way. It appears that he was a-standing at yon corner Trevelyan Street, ye know, yonder: see?—just about this time, too, when 'e 'ears a cry of 'Murder!' comin' from the direction o' the tenements.

"Jack was allus impulsive, or he might 'a' got the man who was workin' this beat to go along with 'im. But no, off 'e rushes hisself, drawin' 'is baton as he gets near the place from which the shouts was proceedin'. There seemed to be a downright scuffle goin' on, from the row, and as Jack turned into Chalker's Open he comes a-top o' the scrimmage—slap, bang! Somebody was yelling 'Murder' for all he was worth; but it was a dark night, and although Jack could see there were four or five men tussling, he couldn't rightly say all at once which was the fellow as wus doin' the screamin'. However, he soon found out—trust Jack for that!—an' started in. He let 'em have it as well as he knew how, and fought 'is way through the gang until 'e got at the man who was bein' stuck up—for it was a clear case o' robbery from the pusson, and the gang 'ad evidently pounced upon the gentleman as 'e was parsin' the Open. The toff was lying on the ground, with another feller grippin' 'im, when Jack let sling with his baton.

"The baton struck something that giv' out a ring-like metal, and sent a knife swingin' through the air. 'Oho!' thought Jack, 'this is attempted murder, and 'e blows his whistle, and then as 'e rolls the footpad from atop of the toff 'e gets a staggerer over the skull with a crowbar, an' that's the end o' Jack Chiswick for the time bein'. When the other men got up they found both the gent and Jack lyin' unconscious, the former with every valuable gone, and off they trundles 'em both to the nearest 'orspital. They wus both bad, an' no kid, but Jack was the wurst o' the two. The blow was a stunner, there wus concussion o' the brain, and for a long time it looked as if he wus a-going to lose 'is life. 'Owsumnever, he comes round, an' in a month or so they thinks 'e's able to leaves the 'orspital, an' they packs 'im off to 'is own friends.

"There ain't many men as wud 'ave taken the same interest in a policeman, even suppose 'e 'ad saved their lives, as the gent did in Jack. He sent 'im calves-foot jelly, and chickens, and port wine, and all sorts o' delicacies while 'e wus in the 'orspital, and after 'e left continued to visit 'im now an' then, an' take 'im out for short walks in the park. One day, Jack an' the gent wus a-sittin' together on a seat in Regent's, when the talk turned upon clever criminals. Jack thought that England could show about the cleverest blackguards unhung; but the gent, whose name was Walter Jordan, and who belonged to Australia, would not give in to this, an' 'eld as how Melbourne could give London or any part of the British Hempire a start an' a beatin' in that very respect. Then 'e began to mention cases of which he knowed, and among others told Jack the following story:—

"'For cool audacity,' says this 'ere Mr. Jordan, in the way as educated gentlemen talk, for he was educated an' very clever, 'I don't think you can easily match the crime I am going to tell you about in your English records. A few months ago, just before I left Australia, a man walked into the shop of a manufacturer of rubber stamps in Melbourne, and ordered a stamp. The inscription to be put on it was merely this, "Goldtown Tramway Company, Limited. Scrip in Office." "We want this stamp," said he to the attendant, "as quickly as possible. Our present one is old and worn out, and there are a lot of share transfers, which require to be stamped

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without delay." The stamp was made, and the same person called for it on the following day and took it away. Then the young man began to transfer hundreds of shares in the Goldtown Tramway Company—marking the transfers with this duplicate of the official "Scrip-in-office" stamp—and to receive hard cash for them. Inside of a week he had negotiated advances to himself of £15,000 on shares, and got the money, when, as a matter of fact, he was not a shareholder in the company at all. The transfers were sent into the head office of the company to be cleared, and then the gaff was blown. But the thief had disappeared, and, although the detectives were put on his trail, they didn't catch him. In an up-country town, lying close, he amused himself for days reading the newspaper accounts of his little swindle. And then the chase grew less hot, and he got out of the country, coming to England at his convenience. How does that strike you for nerve?'

"Jack laughed, an' giv' the opinion that the bloke wus sharp enough to cut sausages.

"'Well, since he arrived here,' went on the toff, 'rewards amounting to £3,000 have been offered for his apprehension, and,' the gent went on in a quiet tone o' voice, 'if you want to do a good thing for yourself, I can put you in the way of earning the money.'

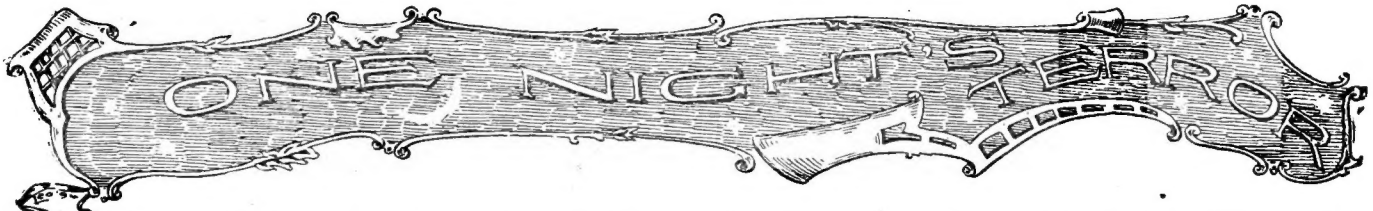
"Jack 'ad been listenin' very interestedly to Mister Jordan's story, an' 'e says, ''Ow?'

"'All you've got to do,' continues the gent, 'is to arrest me, because I'm the man who forged the transfers.'

"Jack looks at 'im in a dazed fashion, an' rememberin' 'ow kind Jordan 'ad bin to 'im in 'is illness, motioned with 'is 'and as though he didn't want to be told any more. But Jordan keeps 'arpin' away on 'is guilt, an' finally says, 'Jack Chiswick, if you don't arrest me, I shall go out of this park, and give myself into the hands of the first policeman I meet. I'm sick of being here in this strange country of yours, where I know nobody. I have determined to go back to Melbourne. I shall get five years, I know, but I shall go back and serve it, and I have good friends who will look after me when I come out again. I am determined that you shall have those rewards. You saved my life; I've got very little money left—none that would be an adequate recompense. You shall, therefore, have the £3,000 which those who take an interest in me are willing to pay to see me back among them again.'

"Well, wot was Jack to do? Off they marches to the nearest police-station, Jordan goin' on ahead, and Jack laggin' behind, as if he wus the prisoner and not the uther. Jordan tells his yarn, gives Jack the credit of the arrest, and they locks 'im up. In course of time, when Jordan 'ad got back to Melbourne, an' was comfortably stowed away in a stone jug, the three thou' comes over here for Jack Chiswick, and 'e is a made man to-day, standing behind 'is own little bar in the Edgware Road, on the highway to unlimited prosperity. These are the things that only 'appens once in awhile, but they do 'appen, an' may I be the next to fall on my feet is the 'umble prayer of yours trooly."

I questioned whether the risk involved in a broken head was not too great to be undertaken even if three thousand golden sovereigns were of an absolute certainty at the end of a sojourn in the hospital ward, but my friend the policeman was perfectly satisfied that it was not too great, and emphatically expressed the pleasure it would afford him to have an opportunity of bringing his belief to the touchstone of practical experience. With an admonition to him to be very careful, as the force could ill spare a fine fellow like himself—a compliment which seemed to afford him some gratification—I re-lit my pipe, bade him good-night, and resumed my reverie at the point of interruption.



I WAS sitting in a large and comfortable easy chair opposite my old friend Garston in front of a cheery fire that burned in the grate of his snug library. Outside, the large flakes were silently falling, shrouding the road and housetop in white, while the low tinkling of the sheep bell from the neighbouring farm across the road broke intermittently upon the intense silence which at that moment pervaded the room.

It was close upon one o'clock.

Both Garston and I were feeling drowsy, and, at each pause in the conversation, our heads gradually dropped on our breasts, and Morpheus pressed his soft fingers on our eyelids.

That afternoon I had arrived at his house after an absence of a year, and, even in this comparatively brief interval, we had found that his excellent Burgundy roused our memories, and supplied us with sufficient talking material to last for six consecutive hours.

Between us, on the tiger-skin hearthrug lay Garston's bulldog, a magnificent creature, for whom I felt a strong attachment directly I saw him. I am a lover of dogs, and appreciate a good specimen when it comes under my notice.

As the clock chimed the three-quarters, Garston raised his head suddenly.

"It has just struck me, Lingley, that I forgot to tell you about a most exciting experience we had only a week ago with a couple of burglars, who got into the house while we were in the town. The wife and I had been to see some friends, and had left the house in the care of the housemaid, who has not been with us very long, and when we came back we were considerably surprised to see a couple of men coming out of the front door carrying an enormous bundle each, which they let drop, and ran away.

"I skipped out of the dog-cart and caught one of the beggars, and he is doing time in the county gaol; but yesterday I received a letter from the man who appears to be his accomplice, intimating that, before the week is out, I shall be cold meat, or words to that effect.

"The police have got the letter, which I think is only bluff. What do you think?"

"I should say ditto," I replied. "The game wouldn't be worth the candle. It would mean the gallows for the chap, and brotherly love among backguards of that profession is not so powerful as to induce one of them to run his neck into a noose for the other."

"That's what I say. But my wife is dreadfully nervous about the matter. She was glad when you came, for that reason."

"Oh," I said. To tell the candid truth, this new light on the state of affairs did not tend to enchance my peace of mind, because it struck me that perhaps this desperate burglar, whoever he may be, might after all attempt to carry out his threat, and that in a way which would imperil my own personal comfort.

I thought of my room, and remembered that it was on the ground floor, and had a couple of French windows leading out into the orchard, and that, after all, so long as somebody suffered for the indignity imposed upon the captured thief, it would not matter whether the master of the house met with his death or anyone else connected with the establishment.

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My throat got dry, and I reached out for my glass, but it was empty. Garston noticed this, although he had nearly dropped off to sleep.

"Fill up again, old boy; don't be afraid, there's more in the cellar."

But the bottle happened to be empty; I got three or four drops out of it, and then banged it on the table, a little aggravated, for I was tremendously thirsty.

"I'll get some more," said Garston, raising himself on the arms of his chair.

"No, no, don't trouble, old man," I said, putting up my hand as an indication for him to sit down again. But, ignoring my half-hearted and insincere protest, he got up, stretched himself, yawned, and went out of the room.

He closed the door behind him, and I heard his soft footfalls die away.

Everything was intensely silent. It was a silence that oppresses one, a silence in which the nerves become highly strung, and the whole frame seems on the alert.

I leaned back in the chair, staring at the flickering flames, with my pipe resting lightly between my fingers, puffing thoughtfully, and turning over in my mind the likelihood of my being assassinated that night by the aggressive burglar. Under the glamour of good Burgundy, the brain becomes highly imaginative. At least, that is the effect it has upon me.

A slight burring noise, and then a sharp bang!

I started up with a jump. A cold perspiration broke out on my forehead, and the pipe tumbled over my legs to the floor. Then I fell back, and forced a laugh.

It was only the clock, which had struck one.

"My wife is dreadfully nervous about the matter."

Stooping, I picked up my pipe, and, knocking the ashes out, commenced to refill it, slowly and deliberately; but my hands still shook with the effects of the silly fright. The dog, which had raised its head and growled at my erratic movement, once more placed its nozzle between its fore paws, and closed its eyes.

The pipe comfortably filled, I felt for a match, and struck it. Again the dog raised its head and looked at me fiercely.

Then I lay back and began to think. Not until then did it dawn upon me that Garston was still absent on his errand, and a strange foreboding took possession of me. What on earth had kept him so long? He certainly ought not to have been gone more than five minutes, or ten at the outside, and it was now close upon a quarter of an hour.

Again, after a moment's thought, I laughed to myself.

"Faugh! What a fool I am getting. Of course, he's only hunting about for the best bottles, and doing that with a lighted candle in a cellar is not an easy job."

But, when the quarter had chimed and sent me into the cold shivers, I began to get anxious about his safety. Could he have slipped and fallen and broken his leg in that wretched hole under the ground, where his cries for help were muffled within the four walls? Had he met with any other sort of accident that prevented his returning?

"If he doesn't come back in another five minutes, I shall go and hunt for him," I said to myself, and puffed nervously at my meerschaum.

The flames got smaller and smaller, flickering and dancing, and casting most uncanny and fantastic shadows on the wall. I saw outlined grinning heads of impossible monsters, long skinny hands with equally long skinny fingers that clutched at nothing, and then disappeared, only to be succeeded by writhing forms of lean people that danced and contorted their bodies from ceiling to wall and from wall to ceiling.

The five minutes seemed as if they would never elapse, and a dozen times I leaned forward and strained my eyes to see the face of the clock in the semi-darkness, for my own watch I had inadvertently left on the dressing-table of my room.

At last the minute-hand pointed to twenty past, and I rose, determined to search the place and discover what had become of my unfortunate friend.

As I did so, a low ominous growl sounded at my feet, and looking down I met the fierce, nerve-shaking glare of the bull-dog's eyes.

"Good dog," I said, appeasingly, in a low tone patting my knee affectionately. "Poor old boy! Good dog!"

The sound of my own voice echoed through the silent chamber, and sounded fearfully unnatural. The gentle creature, however, refused to be appeased, and rose to his four feet, and commenced wagging his tail in a manner that I, as a student of these animals, knew to be significant of danger.

Here I was, in a pretty predicament. The realisation of my position sent a thrill of trepidation through my already slowly chilling body, and I sat down to think. As I did so, the dog resumed his former position.

Not a sound broke the stillness, save the ticking of the clock and the occasional shifting of an ember in the dying fire. A cold wind seemed to drift in under the door and through the joints of the window, and chill me to the bone.

My pipe had gone out, and I was too nervous to relight it, lest the performance should arouse the anger of the dog and cause him to attack me. I placed it very quietly in my pocket, then gave myself up to propound impossible theories to account for Garston's prolonged absence.

I do not know why the idea had not occurred to me before; but when the gist of the piece of news he had imparted to me before going out suddenly came into my head, my heart stopped beating altogether for a second, and my teeth literally chattered with cold and fear combined.

Fool that I was, why had I not thought of it before? The dread message contained in that letter had probably been carried out only too well, and my poor friend might at that

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moment be lying with a knife in his heart, while the perpetrator was miles away.

I conjured up in my imagination a picture of poor old Garston lying in a pool of his life's blood, the victim of a cowardly assault. For all I knew he was within a few feet of the door, perhaps outside on the very mat. The deed could have been perpetrated absolutely without noise. A blow, and all would have been over.

"Heaven help me, I *must* make an effort to rouse the household," I muttered. But the dog raised his head and, so thoroughly unstrung were my nerves, that I literally cowered before his gaze. If I shouted, he would spring upon me, and I knew too well the result of an attack from a bulldog. It would avail nothing, so I kept silence, racking my brain for a way of circumventing him.

The burring and sharp twanging of the clock made me start once more, and, in a fit of desperation, I rose and stopped it altogether. A continuation of these sudden jars would turn my hair grey in another hour.

But, when I had sunk back into my chair, and tried to continue to think, the silence was even greater than before, and I missed the amiable ticking of the pendulum. The dog, which had jumped up savagely when I touched the clock, now sat grimly watching me, fully wide awake, and prepared to resent any further attempt on my part to move away from the chair on which I sat.

I tried coaxing, speaking in a low tone, fearing to hear my own voice; and then I threatened him. I commanded him to lie down, to get out of the room, to seize an imaginary person at the door, until I scared myself more than I did the dog.

It was awful. Bravely as I strove to dispel the idea which had rooted itself in my mind that anything had happened to Garston, it was in vain. Instinct told me only too well that my old friend had gone to his last account, and by the hand of an assassin. Gladly would have I gone in his stead. I was a bachelor, with only a maiden aunt left to me among my relations, while he was a rising young fellow with a sweet wife and a little girl, a little angel, whose lips would never form themselves to say "daddy" without sending a pang through the widowed mother's heart.

All this I thought of, and began to feel hysterical. I wanted to cry, and yet I had a desire to laugh at my own fortunate escape. After all, what was Garston to me, that I should wish to die in his stead? He was a young man, full of life, and with prospects. So was I. Moreover, he had been the means of bringing misery and sorrow on a fellow creature, while I, so far as I knew, had not. And he, in addition, was guilty of possessing a bulldog that I would have given a ten pound note to have the means of shooting there and then.

He got up and stretched himself.

The fire had gone completely out. The wind was rising, and began to moan weirdly round the house. The dog shivered once or twice, and got nearer the dead embers, trying to extract a little warmth from them, and, finding them cold, began to walk about the room, always keeping his eyes on me. I could not see his body, but the two green orbs shone with awful distinctness, moving here and there, now disappearing behind a chair, now appearing close to my side.

Gradually I fell into a fit of shivering. My brain became numbed with the cold, and where my fingers touched the chair I could not feel. I had no idea of the time, for had I not stopped the clock? To me it appeared as if the whole week had dragged itself out, but I knew that perhaps I had been there only an hour.

I saw dimly through the darkness the figure of a woman.

Morning would bring the servants. I should hear their footfalls on the stairs, and their shrieks of horror as they caught sight of the bleeding corpse of the master. I should——

Someone was moving outside.

The dog growled, and walked in stately dignity to the door, sniffing.

The growling ceased, and the door opened. I saw dimly through the darkness the figure of a woman. His wife, perhaps, come to find why he had not yet gone to bed.

I tried to speak, to tell her her husband's awful fate, but a guttural sound was the only result. She cried out, and fled, the dog after her. Nerved by his departure I ran out, crying insanely, looking about in the passage for the corpse.

At the top of the stairs appeared the figure of a man. Ha! The murderer, the assassin. I bounded up towards him, shouting that I would avenge Garston, and he turned and fled into a room, I following closely.

The force with which I struck the door burst it open from its lock, and I stumbled into a bedroom.

"What in heaven's name is the matter with you, Lingley?" shouted a familar voice, as a familar form stood before me, armed with a brass candlestick.

I remember the room swimming round, and then I fell.

Garston told me all about it afterwards. He was most profuse in his apologies, and this ring on my finger is a little gift with which he sought to propitiate me.

It appears that he went upstairs to fetch the keys of the cellar from his bedroom, and saw a copy of *Home Notes* which his wife had left on the dressing-table. He had first glanced at it, and, as something of interest caught his eye, he read the article. When he had finished, he had entirely forgotten his errand and my existence, and had, tired and worn out, slipped off his things and got into bed, where he immediately fell asleep, waking only at the shrieks of the servant.

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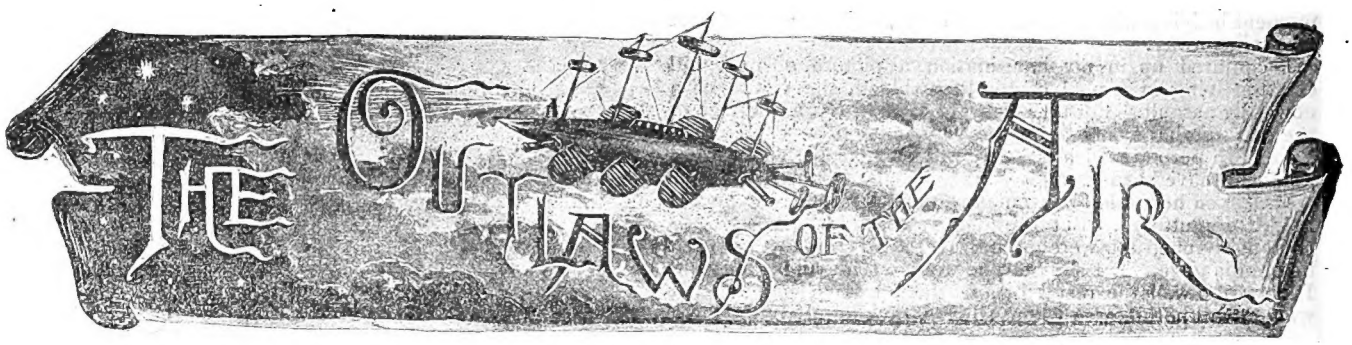


By George Griffith,
Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," &c.

SUMMARY.

Max Renault—leading spirit of Anarchist Autonomic Group No. 7, who has joined the Utopians (a Socialistic colony on an island in the South Pacific) in order to steal the air-ship they are building, which he succeeds in doing.

Franz Hartog—a German engineer, in league with Renault, who steals a very fast torpedo-boat destroyer from the Russian Government to levy blackmail on the Atlantic.

Sir Harry Milton—a wealthy young English nobleman, who by chance comes across the island of Utopia, and subsequently devotes the whole of his fortune to hunting down Renault and Hartog.

Herbert Wyndham—a lieutenant in the British Navy who is travelling with Sir Harry for the benefit of his health, and who resigns his commission and couples his energies with those of Sir Harry in destroying the Anarchists, on account of the fact that he has been stabbed by Renault when the latter attempts to carry off Violet in the air-ship.

Frederick Austen—the inventor of the Utopian air-ship, who shares its secret with Edward Adams, Dr. Edwards, and Ambrose Millar, three other Utopians.

Violet Milton—Sir Harry's sister, and Lieutenant Wyndham's sweetheart, is permanently crippled by throwing herself out of the air-ship on which Renault has tried to carry her off.

Dora Merton—a fair Utopian, who has made an impression on Sir Harry.

Lucy Summers—another fair Utopian.

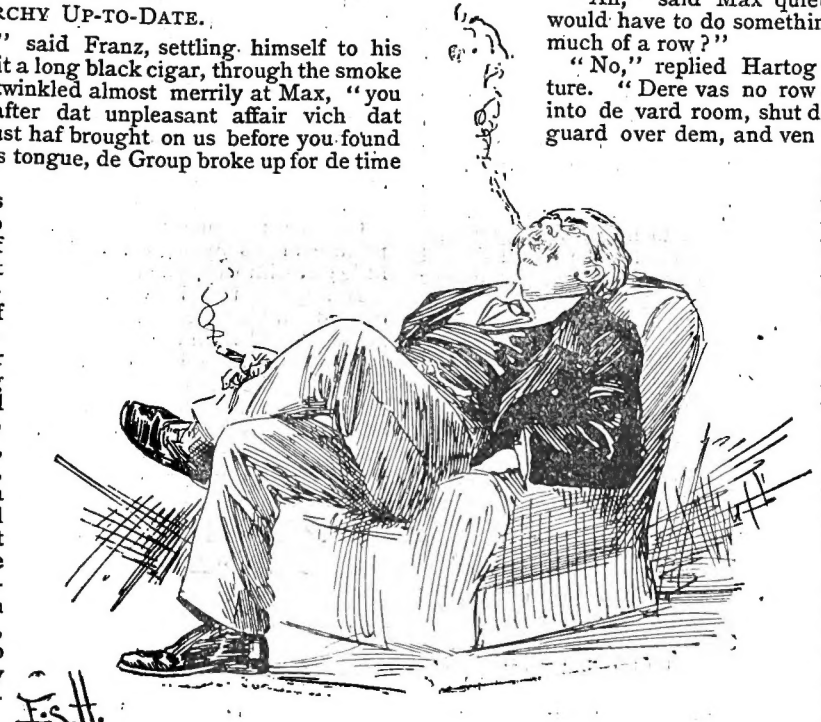
Max Renault has made his way to New York Harbour on the air-ship and sees four huge liners start in a fleet, under convoy of two cruisers and four torpedo boats. He follows them, and on the second night Hartog appears upon the scene in his fast torpedo boat, the *Destroyer*, and destroys the warships and torpedo boats. After the action, Renault makes himself known to Hartog. The specie on board two of the liners is transhipped to the third, her crew are turned adrift in boats, and she is brought to Hartog's hiding place on the North-West Coast of Africa.

CHAPTER XV.

Anarchy Up-to-Date.

"In de first place," said Franz, settling himself to his narrative after he had lit a long black cigar, through the smoke of which his little eyes twinkled almost merrily at Max, "you must understand dat after dat unpleasant affair vich dat scoundrel Berthauld must haf brought on us before you found him out and stopped his tongue, de Group broke up for de time being.

"Ve thought it vas safer to do dat and go back to de old plan of individual action until it vas time to do something big, as ve haf done. Lea Cassilis settled down quietly to her artistic dressmaking business in London, till she got a chance to go to New York, and vent, partly for de dollars, and partly to begin a little scheme dat I vill tell you more about afterwards. Sophie Vronsky and Marie Rolland stopped in London mit Marie's husband, and I vent back to Elbing to make out my engagement with Schichau.



"Dere vere several delays before ve could get properly to vork on de Tsar's boat, and de consequence vas dat she vas not launched until nearly two years later. Improvements in engines and guns kept cropping up, de English kept on building faster and faster boats, and as de strict contract vas dat she should beat everyding that floated, ve had to keep on doing things over again, even after ve had got dem finished.

"Dis vas goot for me, because it gave me more time to get fellows into de works dat I could depend on, and ven she at last vent on her trial trip I had tirty of dem on board her, stokers, firemen, engineers and sailors. As dere vas only forty on board altogether, and as ve had took care to get de cook who prepared de luncheon dat de swells had on board between de runs on our side, dere vas not very much difficulty in settling mid dose who thought dat de boat should go back to Elbing ven ve vanted to take her someveres else.

"As goot luck vould haf it, one of de Baltic fogs came down like vet blankets so dat you could not see from de nose of de boat to de stern. Dot was our opportunity, so ve took it; and some of de highest officials of Schichau's yard and de two Russian officers vat had come to vatch de trial met mit some serious accidents vich completely prevented dem from svimming home."

"Ah," said Max quietly, "I was afraid you would have to do something of that sort. Had you much of a row?"

"No," replied Hartog with an expressive gesture. "Dere vas no row at all. Ve got dem all into de vard room, shut dem up dere, put a strong guard over dem, and ven ve had run far enough out to sea through de fog ve vent in and fetched zem out von by von, tied deir hands behind deir backs, fixed a pig of iron ballast to deir feet and dropped dem oferboard.

"Ve thought dat vas de most convenient vay of disposing of dem. If ve had shot dem someone might haf heard de shots, and if ve had cut deir throats it vould haf made an unpleasant mess dat ve did not vant in our nice new ship.

"Ven ve had sent dem to de fishes ve ran quietly along to de vestvard until nightfall, and den ve cracked on all speed and made a rush for de Sound. Ve had von or two narrow shaves of

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being found out, but ve got drough all right and den ve ran up de Nord Sea and round Scotland. Den, ven ve vere vell out of de vay, ve drilled ourselves and practised mit de guns and torpedoes and made our plans and vent on de varpath.

"De *Alberta*, about vich de lieutenant told you, vas our first prize. Ve got more dan von hundred and fifty tousand pound in cash from her, and mit dat ve set up in business. Ve found dis nice little hiding place, vere ve planted fifty tousand of de money as a sort of reserve fund. Den ve ran across de Atlantic, and I landed Leo Marcel, my first officer, who is a very smart young fellow and quite a gentleman to look at ven he is properly dressed. In fact, I suppose he vould be a gentleman now if he had not quarrelled mit his rich uncle in Lyons in such a vay dat de old man never recovered, and Leo had to leave France suddenly for de goot of his health.

"Vell, I land Leo mit plenty of money, and he goes to New York, meets Lea and gives her ten tousand pounds. Mit dat she goes first to London to make arrangements mit Rolland and some oders dat you know, and den she takes Sophie Vronsky mit her as lady companion and goes and cuts de teufel's own dash in Paris as de youthful vidow of a deceased Yankee vat made large piles in pork.

"Meanvile, Leo, who speaks Spanish so perfect as I speak English, gifs himself out as de agent of de Paraguayan Government, and buys a smart steam yacht as a despatch boat; loads her up mit de best sort of ammunition he can buy, torpedoes and different sorts of stores and explosives vich I have told him about, and puts to sea in her so dat ve can meet by arrangement vere nobody vill see us, and dere I captures his ship, and ve drop his crew overboard and bring de stores and dings over here.

"On de vay ve catches de *Norham Castle*, von of de Cape boats, and clean her out. She vas coming home mit gold and diamonds, and dot catch vas vorth more as two hundred tousand pound to us. Den off goes Leo again in his yacht dis time to Europe, and after he has given de diamonds to Lea and Rolland to put into circulation he organises agencies of comrades in London, Paris, and Brussels, Liverpool, Southampton and Newcastle—all as most respectable people in de shipping business and export trade.

"Of course dese gentlemen are always ready to supply us mit anything ve vant in de vay of stores or fighting material and tell no tales about it. Dey find dat much better dan de old style of Anarchy. Dey haf plenty of money and are quite respectable and know dat dey are doing efer so much more harm to our enemies dan dey could do in de old-fashioned style."

"Fetched dem out von by von and dropped dem oferboard."

"But if you've got that yacht, what did you want to take possession of the *Bremen* for? I should have thought a great big lump of a ship like that would be more in the way than anything else."

"Ah, friendt Max! dot vas a little piece of generalship dot I explain to you right away. You see ve shall soon haf to begin operations on a large scale; and first of all ve must haf a place to build dese air-ships in. Vell now, ve can haf de different parts made by different firms in Europe and America, and I vill take care dat de plans are so drawn dat dey shall have no idea of vat the parts vill be like ven dey are all put togeder.

"Now, you see dat dis is a business in vich ve can have no accidents. If ve build dose ships anyvere on shore it is just possible dat de place may be found by some of de good people dat are looking for us so carefully, and if dat vas so ve should not be able to take our vorks away mit us, to say noding of perhaps letting some air-ship, almost finished, fall into de hands of de enemy. Do you see dat?"

"See it?" cried Max rubbing his hands together with delight. "I should think I do! That's another stroke of genius to your credit. Franz. You are going to make the *Bremen* a floating workshop and put the air-ships together aboard of her. Bravo, that's a capital idea!"

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"Jah, de idea is goot," replied the engineer complacently, "and I have thought him out very carefully. You see de *Bremen* is over five hundred feet long, and dat is plenty big enough to build air-ships two hundred feet long on. Ve can take her down South and keep her alvays in fine veather, so dat de vork can be done on deck.

"Dose in charge of her can alvays be on the look out for ships and move her off whenever anything heaves in sight. In dis vay you see ve shall be able to dodge all de ships of all de navies for ever, and no von vill ever be able to guess how de teufel ve get our air-ships built. I tink dat vill be a much better plan dan having dese hiding-places on shore."

"Yes, much better," said Max, "but all the same, I think it would be wise as soon as we have got the *Vengeur* armed to go to Utopia and make a clean sweep of the colony. We shan't be safe if any of them get away, because you know it is quite certain that Austen and Adams will take Milton into their confidence now about the air-ship, and as Milton has any amount of money it will be just as easy for them to build another *Vengeur* as for us; in fact, it will be easier, because they'll simply have to give their orders and pay the money."

"Oh, jah, dat is so of course," replied Franz, sending a meditative puff of smoke into the air. "De first ding dat ve must take care of is dat none of dose Utopian idiots get away from the island alife, except perhaps some of dose pretty girls dat you vere telling me about. Dey might do for sweethearts for some of our fellows on de *Destroyer*. It is a bit lonesome for dem vidout any ladies' society."

"Ah," said Max, involuntarily, frowning as he thought of the miscarriage of his own kidnapping adventure. "That's so. There are plenty of them to choose from, and the boys could take their pick; but, mind you, if we are going to do anything of that sort we shall have to hurry up about it.

"There's no telling how soon Milton may get away in his yacht or the other steamer and be off to England, most likely with Austen on board; and once let them do that and the next thing we shall see will be an aerial privateer out on the Atlantic looking for the *Destroyer*—and precious warm she'd make it for you, too, I can tell you. Now, how long will it take, do you think, to get the guns made and the *Vengeur* properly supplied with ammunition?"

Hartog was silent for a few moments, as if he were making a calculation, then he looked up and said:

"You can haf shells and gun-cotton, and mélinite, and blasting gelatine, and a nice business-like explosive of my own, vich I have thought of christening Anarchite, by vay of a little choke, as soon as ever you like; but de guns cannot possibly be made and brought out to be fitted in less dan tree months."

"H'm!" said Max, after a pause. "That would be a lot too late. The secret would be out long before then. Look here!" he went on jumping suddenly out of his chair and beginning to walk up and down the saloon, "How long would it take you to get the *Destroyer* from here to Utopia?"

"Ah!" said Hartog slowly. "Dat is rather a large order, as the Yankees say. From vat you haf told me Utopia cannot be very much less as ten tousand miles from here by sea, vether ve go round the Horn or round the Cape and by Australia. Ve cannot steam at full speed because ve cannot carry fuel enough. Ve could not make more than tventy or tventy-five knots, say six hundred miles a day mit fine veather, and it vould take us quite sixteen or eighteen days to get dere. Dat vould burn up nearly all our fuel, and den how should ve get back? It vould be a nice thing to be chased by a cruiser just ven our fuel vas giving out, vouldn't it?"

"Then why not take the *Bremen* with you with a reserve supply of fuel? You could steam her down as far as the Horn, load up from her again, and go ahead to Utopia, leaving her to follow on, couldn't you?"

"Jah, dat might be done if ve had men enough to vork her, vich ve haven't," replied Franz with a shake of his head. "Ve should vant at least fifty more, and I can tell you goot loyal anarchists who are able to vork a steamboat are not very easy to find. It is de teufel's own pity dat dis island is so far away."

"Yes, confound it!" said Max, looking rather blank at this unexpected difficulty. "What the deuce are we to do? Of course, it will never do to run the *Destroyer* short of fuel, and you can't take the *Bremen* round the Horn without a lot of men, I can quite see that, and getting men only means more delay—delay which might ruin the whole thing."

"Dere is only von ding to do," said Hartog, leaning back in his chair and crossing his stumpy little legs. "And dat is vot ve must do."

"Well, what is that?" asked Max impatiently.

"It is dis," said Hartog deliberately. "I expect Leo back from Europe in de *Pilgrim*—a nice innocent name dot for an Anarchist gentleman's yacht, isn't it?—to-morrow, mit odds and ends and some chemicals that I want to prepare my fuel. Now, der *Pilgrim* should haf mit her four nice little Maxim guns dat vill do dere eight hundred shots a minute, and give people fits at dree tousand yards.

"Dey only veigh two or tree hundredveight each, so you can carry dem easy. Ve vill fit dem on board de *Vengeur*, den ve vill get plenty of empty bottles from de *Bremen* to make into hand-bombs for mélinite and anarchite, and a new patent fire-mixture that I have invented, and den ve can put half-a-dozen of our best men from de *Destroyer* on board here mit us and take a little trip right avay to Utopia and clear de place out. Ve can be ready to start in three days and ve can get dere in five days, and as you have been five or six days avay now you vill be back again inside the fortnight. And dot vill be quick enough, for you told me dat dey could not get de yacht ready in less than tree weeks.

"By de vay, are you quite sure dat you blew up dat *Nautilus* ship before you came away, because, if you didn't, ve might catch her and she vould be a very nice companion for de *Destroyer*."

Max shook his head rather regretfully as he replied:

"No, I am afraid she is done for. I connected a battery with a time-clock that would make the circuit between it and one of the fuel magazines about three hours after I got away. I had to do most of the work in the dark it is true, and in a considerable hurry too, the night before I left, but I don't think anything can have gone wrong, and there was enough of the stuff to blow her into old nails if it did go off. Of course, it's a pity, but then you see, it wouldn't have been safe to leave them with a vessel almost completed that would be fast enough to run the *Destroyer* down and ram her as easily as you could ram a second-class torpedo boat."

"Oh, no, dat vas quite right!" said Franz regretfully. "It vas a pity, but it vas right. Ve don't vant any faster boats dan de *Destroyer* to come out until ve haf our aerial nafy built, and den it doesn't matter. Now, I think ve had better go down and have a look through de *Destroyer* and the *Bremen* and see if ve can find anything useful for de *Vengeur*."

CHAPTER XVI.

A Pirate Hunt.

The examination resulted in the selection of two light Maxim guns from the armament of the *Destroyer* and a three-barrelled Nordenfeldt carrying twelve-ounce shells from the *Bremen*, and these were fitted on board the *Vengeur* provisionally and in case of accident, for, as the engineer said, there was no telling when the air-ship might have to give an account of herself.

"Dere is noding like being reaty or as much reaty as you can," he remarked sententiously. "Dere vill be an awful row ven dey get de story of dat last little flutter of ours. You see ve haf got a big ship and more as a million pounds vorth of bullion and specie and trinkets. Dat vill make all Europe mad, and you bet dey vill hunt us up now for all dey are vorth. I vould give tventy tousand pounds to be five tousand miles from here to-night, but ve can't go till Leo comes back, so ve must give de *Vengeur* some teeths for de present so dat she can bite if she is vanted to."

The shells of the Nordenfeldt had been charged with Hartog's secret explosive, to which, in his grimly jesting way, he had given the suggestive name of Anarchite. It was this that had accomplished the terrible destruction which the shells from the *Destroyer's* rifled forty-pounder had wrought amidst the upper works of the cruisers.

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He reckoned that, given an elevation of two thousand feet, the Nordenfeldt, which was mounted aft, while the Maxims were pointed downwards through the foremost ports in the hull of the air-ship, would have an effective range of quite two miles, while at this distance and elevation the *Vengeur* would be almost invisible, and absolutely beyond the effective range of any gun mounted on land or sea.

Indeed, the *Vengeur* was destined very soon to prove that aerial artillery, in spite of its being necessarily very much lighter than that employed either on land or sea, possessed two enormous advantages. The first was in facility of aim and relative steadiness of the object fired at; the second lay in the fact that the aerial gunner had the attraction of gravitation in his favour, while his opponents had it against them.

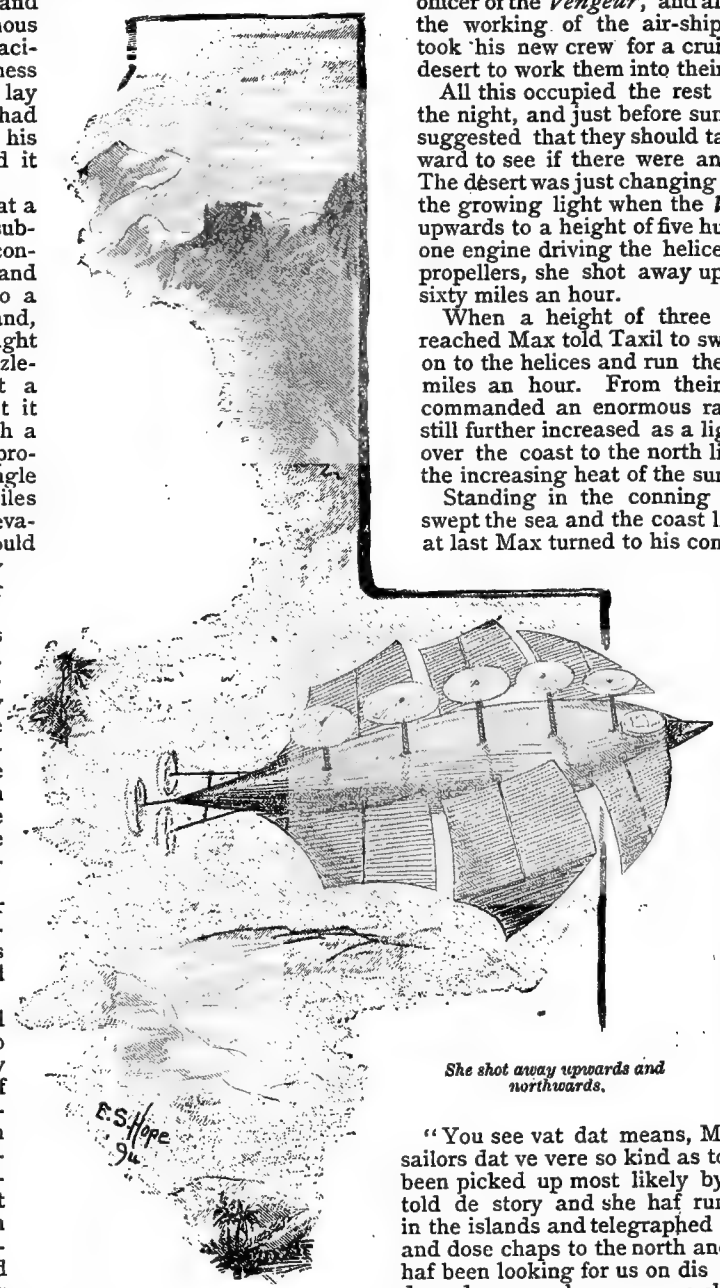
The projectile of a gun fired at a great angle from land or sea is subject to a downward pull which constantly diminishes its velocity and at last converts its path into a downward curve. On the other hand, a projectile fired, say, from a height of two thousand feet with a muzzle-velocity of fifteen hundred feet a second, is accelerated every foot it travels, and strikes its mark with a velocity which is increased in proportion to the acuteness of the angle at which it is fired. At two miles range and two thousand feet elevation the *Vengeur's* projectiles would strike with the enormous velocity of some five thousand feet per second.

So, too, with the heavier shells that would be dropped vertically. In accordance with the well-known law of moving bodies they would travel sixteen feet in the first second of their fall, thirty-two in the next, sixty-four in the next, and so on, doubling in velocity every second they were in the air, less, of course, the retardation produced by the resistance of the atmosphere.

It will be necessary to bear these few facts in mind, as without them some of the results shortly to be described would appear incredible.

In addition to the guns and their ammunition the air-ship was also furnished with fifty ten-inch conical shells, half of which were charged with mélinite and the other half with blasting gelatine and compressed oxygen in separate compartments, and two hundred quart champagne bottles charged with Anarchite and Hartog's fire-mixture, a horrible compound which, in addition to burning with unquenchable energy on the bursting of the shell, spread dense suffocating and poisonous fumes over a radius of several yards from the focus of the explosion.

As soon as he had got his make-shift armament on board Max picked out eight men from the crew of the *Destroyer*. They were all Frenchmen, light, wiry, active fellows, each endowed with a full share of the French mechanical aptitude and dexterity, and all utterly devoid of the most elementary sentiments of mercy or generosity.



She shot away upwards and northwards.

As might be expected, there was the keenest competitions among the *Destroyer's* men for berths aboard the air-ship, and so Max, to whom the engineer had naturally taken his old subordinate position, save where the tactics of the *Destroyer* were concerned, had them put through a stiff competition in gun drill under his own eye and chose those who acquitted themselves with the greatest smartness. One of them, a young fellow of three-and-twenty, named Raoul Taxil, who had been second engineer of the *Destroyer*, he made engineer and chief officer of the *Vengeur*, and after he had fully explained the working of the air-ship's machinery to him he took his new crew for a cruise into the air over the desert to work them into their places.

All this occupied the rest of the day and well into the night, and just before sunrise the next day Hartog suggested that they should take a flight to the northward to see if there were any signs of the *Pilgrim*. The desert was just changing from brown to grey under the growing light when the *Vengeur* soared vertically upwards to a height of five hundred feet, and then, with one engine driving the helices and the other two the propellers, she shot away upward and northward at sixty miles an hour.

When a height of three thousand feet had been reached Max told Taxil to switch the two side engines on to the helices and run the midship screw at thirty miles an hour. From their present elevation they commanded an enormous range of vision which was still further increased as a light haze which was lying over the coast to the north lifted and dispersed under the increasing heat of the sun.

Standing in the conning tower, Max and Hartog swept the sea and the coast line with their glasses, and at last Max turned to his companion and said:

"There she is, I think, down yonder, look, that long trail of smoke to the northward close in by the land."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he heard something between an oath and a scream from Hartog, followed by:

"Ach, der donnerwetter! Vat for fools have ve been! I alvays said dat de vorst policy in varfare vas having mercy on your enemies. Look down dere — and dere—and dere. See dose shmokes north and vest and south of us! Von, two, three, four, fife, six—yes, there are six of dem, and dey are all heading straight for de coast!

"You see vat dat means, Max? It means dat dose sailors dat ve vere so kind as to set free in de boats haf been picked up most likely by a varship, and dey haf told de story and she haf run into Fayal or somevere in the islands and telegraphed all up and down de coast, and dose chaps to the north and vest are de fellows dat haf been looking for us on dis side of de Atlantic, and dose down yonder are some ships of the African squadron, and by tam, dat yacht mit her infernal smoke vill guide the whole lot of dem right to de inlet! Tousand donnerwetters! vat are ve to do? De whole crowd vill be on us in little more as an hour."

"I don't see there ought to be any difficulty in running down to the yacht and telling her to steam right away down south," said Max, who had been using his glasses eagerly while Hartog had been coughing and spitting his words out as fast as he could. "I suppose Marcel has his papers all

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right, and if he does get overhauled they'd let him go again?"

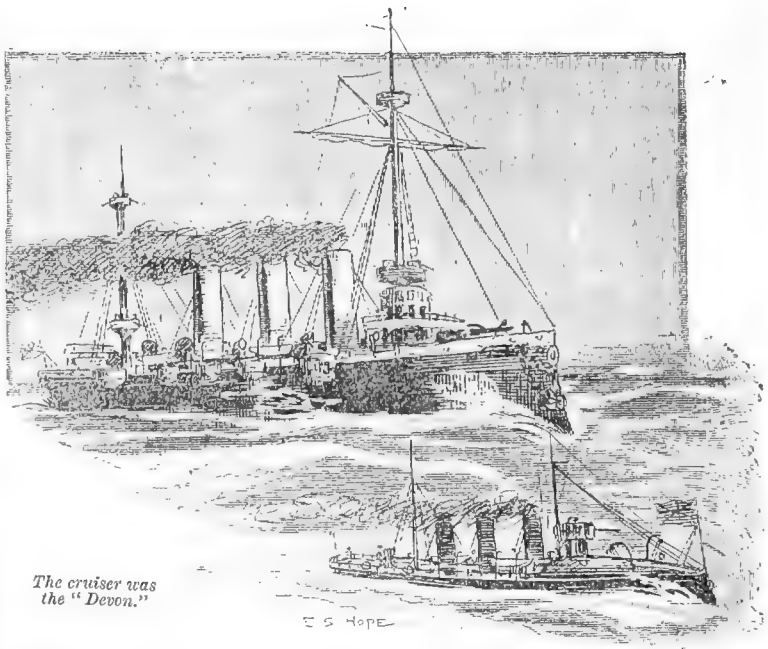
"No, no, my friend," replied Hartog, shaking his head vigorously. "It is not so simple as dat. Dose fellows have sharp eyes and goot glasses, and dey know now dat ve have de only air-ship in existence, but Leo does not know anything about her. Now, if ve go down dey vill see us and recognise us as anarchists and de yacht too. Den dey vill blow him out of de water, and we lose some goot men and all our new guns and stores. No, dat von't do. Himmelsfluch! vat is to be done?"

"I see," said Max who had been thinking even more rapidly than Hartog had been talking, and saw that the moment had come for him to take the reins of command in a firm hand. "We must fight, or rather fight and run; there is nothing else for it, and if we don't act sharply we shall be in a mortal tight place. I'll do the fighting, you do the running."

As he spoke he gave a turn to the steering wheel, swung the *Vengeur's* head round towards the coast, and signalled to Taxil:

"Full speed with the three propellers."

The next moment the suspensory fans collapsed and fell down alongside the masts, the propellers whirled round till they looked like solid wheels, and the air-ship, supported only on her planes, leapt forward and upward, crossed the coast-line like a flash, and in five minutes was ten miles inland floating nearly five thousand feet above the desert.



The cruiser was the "Devon."

"Du lieber Gott!" exclaimed Hartog, for the moment forgetting all about the danger in his rapture of admiration. "Vat a glorious ship! I should scarcely haf thought dat an angel from heaven could haf done dat."

"That's a trifle to what you are going to see her do soon," said Max shortly as he swung the *Vengeur* round to the westward again, and sent a couple of signals to the engine-room. Then as the fans went up again and the *Vengeur*, flying forty miles an hour, sank swiftly down towards the landward side of the inlet he went on: "Now look here, Franz, this is what we've got to do. When we get ashore fill the entrance to the inlet with torpedoes that you can fire by battery——"

"Dey are dere all ready," interrupted Hartog. "You don't suppose I leave de door of mine house open, do you? If a cruiser was to try and get in dere dere vould not be many pieces of her to pick up five minutes after she had put her nose in."

"See dose shmokes north, and vest, and south of us."

"That's good," said Max with a short laugh. "Then you must have all the *Bremen's* guns trained so as to rake the entrance in case they try it with boats. Then you must take the *Destroyer* outside, run through and see if you can't take the attention of those fellows to the north and west off the *Pilgrim*. There's no fear of them catching you, of course, but there's just a chance that they haven't seen the *Pilgrim* yet, and if you show yourself boldly, send a shot or two at them just for pure cheek, and then run away and draw them off.

"I'll go aloft again and reconnoitre and go for the first craft that looks dangerous. When we've got the *Pilgrim* in safely we must go to work and polish this lot off. It won't do to let any of them get away, for if they do we shall have a whole swarm down on us before we can clear out with the *Bremen*, and then there is no telling what the chapter of accidents might have in store for us."

"Dat is a goot plan, Max. Ve vill do it. Fortunately I haf had de *Destroyer's* bunkers and magazines filled, and ve haf plenty of torpedoes. I dink ve shall haf some fun dis morning, but for all dat I vould sooner be five tousand miles avay. Fighting dese cruisers is bad business. It is all vork and no pay, but perhaps aftervards ve shall be able to console ourselves mit a nice fat liner. Goot-bye now and take care of yourself. Mind you shoot straight and hit hard. Ve von't let any off dis time. Kindness may be goot morals, but it is tam bad tactics."

As Franz spoke the air-ship touched the water of the inlet, a boat came off and took Hartog to the *Destroyer* which was lying, as usual, with a full head of steam on. Before he had got on board her the *Vengeur* soared up again, sped on an oblique upward path over the land and then swung round to the north, and put out over the sea again.

The morning was now brilliantly clear and the surface of the sea was just ruffled by a cool pleasant breeze from the north-west. With the help of his glasses, Max, floating at the height of three thousand feet, could see everything of any size on land or sea, and what he saw to seaward was this. From the north and north-west two cruisers and two smaller craft were converging, apparently from different points in the Canary Islands, towards the coast.

The smaller of the two cruisers, the one coming nearly due south, was about twelve miles from the land, while the large cruiser and the two small craft were nearly twenty miles out. Five miles from the shore and about fifteen ahead of the single cruiser the *Pilgrim* was running along at about eighteen knots an hour, perhaps a knot faster than the single cruiser, with a considerable volume of smoke coming from her two funnels. Twenty miles to the southward of the inlet and about ten from the shore a large cruiser and a catcher were coming up, apparently under a full head of steam.

Therefore as the yacht was unarmed and had only her heels

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to trust to the odds against the *Destroyer* and the *Vengeur* were, numerically at least, simply overwhelming. The single cruiser was flying the blue and white naval ensign of Portugal with the crowned red shield in the centre. She was the *Flores*, an unprotected cruiser of three thousand tons, four thousand five hundred horse-power, and a speed of 19 knots under forced draught.

The big cruiser and her consorts were flying the tri-colour. She was the *Cécile* of 5,680 tons, 9,600 horse-power, and 20 knots speed, and the smaller vessels were the torpedo-catchers *Aline* and *Rance*.

The two vessels coming up from the south flew the white ensign of the British Navy. The cruiser was the *Devon* of 4,000 tons, 7,000 horse-power, and a speed of 21 knots, and her consort was no other than the redoubtable *Ariel* which had been put on the Cape Verde station to watch for her old enemy on the route of the Cape mail steamers.

Naturally the meeting of this formidable force was not a matter of accident. Hartog had been right in his guess. One of the boats of the *Bremen* had been picked up off Las Palmas in the Canaries by the *Cécile*, cruising with her consorts across the routes of the African and South American lines. The cables had been set to work immediately between the Canaries, the African coast, and the Cape Verde Islands with the result that the international squadron had started to rendezvous at Cape Bojador, and make a thorough examination of the coast north and south in the hope of finding some inlet used by the pirates as a refuge and hiding place.

Whether the air-ship had been discovered or not Max neither knew nor cared. Flying to and fro at a hundred miles an hour at a height of nearly four thousand feet, as he made his observations, it was very unlikely that he had been. He saw that the first trouble would be with the squadron to the north. By the time he had noted the position of all the hostile ships he saw the *Destroyer*, a tiny speck of grey on the bright blue water, clear the inlet and head away northward. This meant that the time for action had arrived, so he sent his men to the guns and bomb-tubes, and signalled to Taxil to reduce his speed to fifty miles an hour and descend.

(To be continued.)

DOCTOR DUBASSOF'S LOVE.

I.

DOCTOR DUBASSOF and Count Louis Klapka had passed their childhood together in the country, and though Dubassof's father was only a small peasant proprietor, and Count Louis owned the great estate of Luvin, their boyish friendship continued until both were in St. Petersburg, Dr. Dubassof as a well-known doctor, Count Louis as a young spendthrift officer.

By the time that Dubassof had become richer than he ever expected to be, Count Louis had become poorer than he had ever imagined. That is, although owning a splendid estate, he was often embarrassed for money, and the life he led at St. Petersburg with his young brother officers was calculated to relieve him of all his surplus revenue.

But he was so handsome, so captivating! Dubassof, who had known him from his soul, throughout all their joint lives, felt this as keenly as if Count Louis were a beautiful young girl whose charms had smitten him. He grumbled at Count Louis' extravagance, when, as the case often was, the Count had to borrow money from the doctor. Yet, he always lent it. Dubassof, moreover, hated to lend money.

One evening, Dubassof was waiting for Count Louis to come for him. The two were to go together to a dinner at the banker Neftel's—for Dubassof's associates were now chiefly of Count Louis' set, if not his class, and invitations poured in upon him, as the case usually is with a young man who has personal distinction, wealth, and a good presence; for although Dubassof possessed nothing of Count Louis' striking beauty, there was something in his deep and glowing eyes, his massive well-balanced head, that marked him. The clock had just struck the quarter when Count Louis' step was heard bounding up the stairs, his sword clattering after him.

"Punctual for the first time in your life," remarked Dubassof, as Count Louis dashed into the room as if it had been his own.

"More than punctual, George," answered Count Louis, throwing himself in Dubassof's own chair. "I was to be here at the half hour, and see, it is only the quarter."

"Then," said Dubassof, "you must have lost some money last night, and want an order on my banker. What a shame it is that with your estates you should ever want money!"

Count Louis laughed good humouredly. "Not quite that, my good George. I have not lost any money, but I need some confoundedly. So much so that I would do anything to raise ten thousand roubles. As for raising it at Luvin, my excellent father was only too successful in his efforts to put my estates beyond my reach."

"Ten thousand roubles is a considerable amount. Why do you want it?"

"Because with it I could make three hundred thousand."

Dubassof gazed at him earnestly, and then putting up his fingers blew a long whistle.

Louis repeated, "I must have ten thousand roubles, and you must lend them to me."

A tone in Louis' voice, different from any he had ever heard, struck Dubassof's ear. He did not in the least believe in the three hundred thousand roubles to be made, but he knew that Louis was frankly determined on the ten thousand, and he knew that he, Dubassof, would inevitably lend it him, considerable as the sum was.

"If it were to relieve your embarrassments, to pay a pressing debt, I would get it for you. But to put into some wild baseless speculation, I would not be justified as your friend in so doing. Naturally ten thousand would not satisfy you; if you made or if you lost, you would want more. The usurers take all sorts of risks, and even with the restrictions on your estates, they would supply you."

"I have not been to the usurers yet, but unless I get this sum from you, I shall certainly go to them," coolly remarked Count Louis.

Dubassof got up and moved restlessly about the room.

"George," continued Count Louis, "you have never heard me speak of making any money. I have not pretended to any talents that way, although I may be pardoned for saying that I have a very marked genius for spending it. If this required combination—the balancing chances—I would discredit my own judgment. But it is knowing the value of anything in advance of the rest of the world. Do you think Neftel a good financier?"

"Undoubtedly," promptly responded Dubassof, pausing in his aimless walk and facing Count Louis.

"Then Neftel told me this. Neftel will put a hundred thousand roubles into it, and is trying to raise more. Neftel got it from the Minister of the Interior. Neftel advises me to do anything in order to get ten thousand roubles together. He has none to lend. Every copeck he can raise between now and to-morrow evening goes into it."

Dubassof, whose mind travelled rapidly, saw at once the different aspect this put upon it; such transactions between bankers and Government officials were common enough. But all at once a grim suspicion pierced him. His black brows closed over his deep eyes, and he looked at Count Louis as if he would read his very soul.

"And this strange interest Neftel takes in you? Is it that Nathalie——"

He paused, unable to go on. The prospect that Count Louis

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should marry Nathalie Neftel staggered him. The brotherhood of so many years made a gallant fight against the overmastering passion.

Count Louis blushed like a girl.

"No," he cried, hurriedly. "Mademoiselle Nathalie's name was never mentioned between us. But you know Neftel remembers the day he came to me. I have always intended to return you something in kind," he said.

Dubassof's brow cleared a little, but, with a lowering face he folded his arms and looked fixedly on the floor. Count Louis rose too.

"Had I dreamed that you—would have thought——" he began blunderingly. He did not know what to say; only some small invisible link between the two men seemed to have snapped at that moment.

"It does not matter what I think," responded Dubassof, "I am a fatalist. It may be that both you and I are to love Nathalie. *I* love her already. But until that moment shall have come, we will be as we always have been. I have at Neftel's exactly fifteen thousand roubles. This sum I meant to buy a country place with. But if ten thousand, Louis, would save you from ruin, and even from temporary embarrassment, I would agree never to have a country place."

Count Louis stared as he listened. It was not like Dubassof to speak thus. There had been no need to utter their affection. Every action of their lives proclaimed it.

"Then it is mine," cried Count Louis, jumping up after a moment with a sudden return of the old unspeakable confidence. "George, have I not always paid you back?"

"Yes," answered Dubassof, good-humouredly.

Arrived at the splendid lighted house of the banker, the two friends entered the drawing-room together. On one side of the door stood Neftel, tall, pale, handsome, and on the other side his daughter, Nathalie Neftel. The daughter of a Polish mother, Nathalie Neftel had all the enticing beauty of these wonderful almond-eyed Polish women. Her face was lighted by eyes so softly splendid that all Poland could not produce a lovelier pair; and when she bowed to Count Louis, opening her fan of long black ostrich feathers, a rosy flush crept into her cheeks.

The two friends left the house together at midnight. Count Louis left Dubassof at his door, and then apparently turned into the direction of the barracks, but as soon as he was out of sight of Dubassof's door, he made another turning, and in a few minutes was again at Neftel's door.

Neftel was expecting him. Count Louis sat down gloomily. This borrowing of money, which had once been so easy, seemed altogether different now. He doubted whether in order to make three hundred thousand roubles he would use Dubassof's money. Neftel, however, standing up before him, cried out:

"All is in danger. Unless I can get fifteen thousand roubles more, it is impossible. Your friend Dubassof has exactly that sum deposited with me. Had I but known this an hour ago!"

He struck his hand against his forehead.

"I have done everything to raise money. Nathalie's dowry is secured, so that I could not, even if I would, get it. It would be no wrong to take that small amount from it. But this moment I have heard from the Minister that it must be a round sum of a hundred and fifty thousand roubles, or else it must be abandoned, and that the money or its equivalent must be in his hands before daylight. If twelve hours more were possible!"

Neftel stopped. His pale face worked. A born money-maker, the idea of losing so much for so little was intolerable to him.

"Dubassof has given me an order for——," Count Louis began in a cold voice.

"For the whole amount—the fifteen thousand?" cried Neftel in a tone more of entreaty than inquiry.

Count Louis remained perfectly silent. He had taken the order out of his pocket, and was looking at it with a strange expression.

Neftel, whose self-control rarely deserted him, rose and went to the other side of the hearth. He read the workings of Count Louis's mind, and he suspected the power of a certain lever.

"It is not all for myself," he continued, "my ambition has always been to make Nathalie the richest heiress in Russia. She is my life, my world."

"Nathalie's happiness can be no dearer to you than to me," said Louis, with a pale fixed face. "This order is only for ten thousand roubles."

"For Nathalie," the banker whispered. "Fifteen thousand,—for Nathalie—it is—my price."

The two men looked at each other. Count Louis took the pen in his fingers. With tightly compressed lips he altered the amount.

It was two o'clock in the morning, and Dubassof, sitting before the fire in his library, was just about to go to bed, when the door opened quietly and Count Louis walked in. Visits from him at all hours were not unknown to Dubassof, but when he saw Count Louis' face, he turned almost as pale as his friend.

Count Louis sat down and folded his arms.

"Dubassof," said he, "can you imagine the feelings of a man who in one moment has put his life, his honour, his fortune, in the power of another man?"

Dubassof gazed at him stupidly. He could not imagine what Count Louis was talking about.

"Because," continued Count Louis, "this is what I've done. I found fifteen thousand roubles was necessary instead of ten. You had written ten—I wrote fifteen."

Dubassof could not repress a cry of horror, of anguish, of rage.

"No one will know it," Count Louis continued in the same voice, "but you, Neftel, and myself. Neftel will conceal it, because I am to marry Nathalie."

Of the two men Dubassof was the more agitated. His dark skin turned a shade darker, he trembled in every limb.

"Oh! Heavens!" he cried, "to lose faith in man and woman is too much."

"Thus you see," said Count Louis with a frightful calmness, "it is quite possible that you should hold my life and soul in your grasp. You can easily prevent me from marrying Nathalie, but I am persuaded that she loves me. *That* you cannot rob me of."

As he spoke he rose with an air of triumph. He was a criminal before his judge, but there was one thing inexpressibly dear to him that the verdict could not affect.

The self-control of a life-time did not desert Dubassof all at once. He clenched the arms of the chair in which he sat, but he made no motion towards Louis.

"The money shall be returned within a week," said Count Louis rising. "But that does not affect things between us. What is done is done. I am going. Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing," Dubassof managed to gasp. He was stunned, overcome with the events of the last five minutes.

II.

ABOUT ten days after this, Dubassof, who had neither seen nor heard of Count Louis, was sitting in his library, expecting him. No sign had come from him, unless it was the depositing of fifteen thousand roubles to Dubassof's credit in Neftel's bank before noon of the day after their interview.

Yet Dubassof had expected him every hour, every minute since. He understood Count Louis too well not to know that he would brave his fate, and come boldly to face his former friend. It was now evening, about the time the two friends were accustomed to meet. Therefore, when Dubassof heard a step upon the stairs, he knew it was Count Louis.

He entered. Upon his face—once so brilliant and merry—the history of his fault was written. There was no cringing in his attitude. Dubassof, who had calculated everything, rose and extended his hand as if they were still friends. Count Louis responded.

Throwing himself into a chair, he said, "The three hundred thousand roubles are mine. Neftel has made enormously. To-day he is among the richest men in the Empire."

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This made no impression upon Dubassof, although he loved money. He did not feel even a pang of regret that he too had not been allowed to share in the information from the Minister of the Interior. Avarice is strong, but love and revenge are stronger.

"The fifteen thousand roubles I have drawn from Neftel's bank, and with them I have the slip of paper upon which they were obtained," was his only remark.

As Count Louis revolved this in silence, his face grew paler and paler. He saw it all now. He would not have been surprised at any time, until the money had finally been withdrawn from the bank, to have been arrested at Dubassof's instigation; but the refinement of cruelty implied in Dubassof's words had not occurred to him.

"To keep it always?" Count Louis asked.

"To keep it always, unless——" Dubassof answered.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you promise not to marry Mdlle. Neftel."

Count Louis laughed,—a strange, mirthless laugh.

"You ask what is impossible."

"Wait until you have lived a year, knowing this to be in my possession."

"I know the force of your threat. But what would it profit you should she not marry me? She will marry neither you nor any other man."

The note of triumph in this chord infuriated Dubassof. His rage, however, was of a cold and deliberate kind.

"You esteem women more highly than I do. They talk much of their constancy, but it is chiefly in their imagination."

"I know nothing of the constancy of any except Nathalie Neftel. I have faith in her as I have in Heaven."

"Then you are not willing to buy this of me?" asked Dubassof, touching his breast.

"Not at your price," answered Count Louis. "Nathalie was the bribe offered me in the first instance. She has cost me too dear to part with her. I now go to her that I may tell her all."

It was not long before the announcement was made of the approaching marriage of Count Louis and Nathalie Neftel. Whatever Dubassof felt, no human being heard him express a word. He was as often seen with Count Louis as ever. Nathalie made one or two timid approaches in regard to the paper which she found he carried constantly about his person, but Dubassof was not to be drawn from his reserve.

One week before the day appointed for the wedding, a great dinner was given at Neftel's house. For the first time on that evening a vast dining-room with a ball-room over it was thrown open. A hundred persons sat down to table, some of them the most distinguished people in St. Petersburg.

Others were of the rank of life of Neftel and Dubassof, professional men, bankers, and merchants. Nathalie was radiant. Dubassof, who was among the number, watched closely the brilliant creature to find a trace of fear or nervousness. In Count Louis' face he saw the look of a man whose hold on happiness is insecure. But to the world he was the same gay, captivating Count Louis.

The dinner progressed with all the merry formalities of such affairs.

Towards the close, Neftel, whose face for once lost its saturnine expression, rose and said:

"In my country—in Lithuania—'tis the custom to drink the health of the prospective bride from her own dainty slipper. We will modify this custom, but we will not ignore it."

At this the servants presented to each guest a slipper of Bohemian glass, with the bride's initial on the top in gold These were filled with champagne, and then the long lines of guests stood up, amid gay confusion, to drink Nathalie's health.

But Dubassof, although he stood up, held a glass in his hand. He had no slipper.

"How is this?" asked Neftel, frowning and surprised, of the servant behind his chair.

"It is I—it is my fault," Nathalie cried from the other side of the table, where she sat in the centre of the line facing her father. "I am not entitled to any slipper, for I keep my own; this is our friend's; I made a mistake. Take this to Dr. Dubassof," she said to the servant, handing him a slipper foaming with champagne.

A little murmur at her ready tact went round. Both Neftel and Count Louis flushed with pleasure at the courteous way in which she had extricated herself from what might have seemed a rude and awkward position.

Dubassof, bowing low, received the toy and drank with the others.

This was the concluding ceremony of the dinner, and soon they all repaired to the drawing-room. A ball was to follow immediately.

If Dubassof had admired Nathalie's self-possession before he would have seen it fail somewhat then. For her eyes constantly followed him, and she seemed somewhat absent in her manner. But he could not notice anything. A strange drowsiness seized upon him. He had drunk more wine than usual, and that little glass slipper of champagne had been too much.

He spoke little to anybody, and presently Nathalie saw him disappear in the embrasure of the window. A divan, wheeled out of the way, was there. He dropped upon it, and in two minutes he had fallen into a heavy sleep, the long curtains concealing him.

It was some hours after this that he became imperfectly conscious of the rhythmic beat of dancers' feet over his head. He roused himself with an effort. By degrees his dimmed consciousness came back to him.

He pulled aside the curtain and saw himself alone in the drawing-room, where the lamps burned low and the candles in the sconces flickered.

Things came back to him. He was vexed and mortified beyond expression; but he was puzzled to know how the very moderate quantity of wine he drank should have so overcome him.

He tried to rise, and sank back weak and dizzy.

All at once the glass slipper of champagne he had received from Nathalie's hand came to his recollection. He thrust his hand into his bosom.

Yes, it was gone. He was cheated of his revenge!

He sprang up, neither weak nor dizzy now. The sound of the dancing had ceased, although the throb of the orchestra was still heard in the great suite of upper rooms. People were saying good-night; he heard the tramping of many horses outside, the shouts of the drivers, the opening and shutting of the vestibules, as group after group passed out. He stood erect, torn by the tempest within him.

And yet, in the midst of baffled rage and despair, something like relief crept in. Fate had placed in his hands an instrument by which he felt obliged to avenge himself on those two enemies, Nathalie and Count Louis. Yet these two, whom he would have crushed between the millstones of his wrath, had been dearer to him than anything on earth. He longed to have that little slip of paper back; he hated himself for being the dupe of a woman's slight, yet cunning, trick; but after all —it was not his terrible destiny to ruin Louis Klapka and Nathalie Neftel.

He waited in the drawing-room until he thought nearly all the guests had left. Then he mounted the broad stairs lined by weary footmen, and entered the splendid ball-room.

At the end, Nathalie and her father with Count Louis were receiving the adieux of the last lingering guests.

Dubassof advanced, and Nathalie, with the same wonder she had excited in him, observed his coolness and naturalness. For the triumph, the joy, the keenness of her success shone in her brilliant face.

Count Louis looked pale and agitated. He knew all, and the crisis unnerved him.

"Mademoiselle," said Dubassof, bowing low, "that your happiness is great I can well believe. Fate, which directs our destinies, decrees that you shall be happy."

Nathalie bowed deeply in return.

"I thank you. We thank you," was all she said. The sparkling of her eyes was as a star to Dubassof, and there was that singular feeling as if a burden had been lifted from him.

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BEHIND the SCENES

"COME, Jeanne, do be reasonable, I have told you not to come here; I have told you several times. You know I am always nervous on first nights."

The handsome tenor took another survey of himself in the glass; then he turned to her, looking so noble in his coat of silver mail—he was to play Lohengrin—that Jeanne's heart bounded with pride and love. But her mad jealousy soon regained the upper hand.

"You shall not play to-night! You hear that? You shall not play with Carola. I won't have it! I won't have it!"

"Another scene! This is getting too bad," said her husband. "I am not in love with Carola. I don't fall in love with every woman I play with. What nonsense this is!"

"I don't care," continued Jeanne angrily. "I know she is in love with you."

"For Heaven's sake, do be calm! You will make me spoil my entrance."

"So much the better. I should laugh if I did." She laughed hysterically; then, suddenly becoming calm, she added coaxingly: "If you love your little wife, pretend you are not well and let us go home."

Victor shrugged his shoulders.

His cue was near. He placed the helmet on his head and walked firmly towards the stage. Jeanne threw herself upon him and clasped her arms round his neck.

"Don't go on to-night!" she cried desperately. "I *know* evil will come of it!"

Thoroughly exasperated by this mad action just at the decisive moment, he forgot himself and threw her violently from him; she struck her head against a wing as she fell, and remained unconscious on the floor. Victor just had time to notice what had happened as he strode on to the stage.

Jeanne remained unconscious for some time. When she came to herself it was to hear a round of applause—the triumph of her rival. She staggered to her feet and walked forward sufficiently to enable her to see on the stage. She saw her husband and Carola clasped in sweet embrace, the limelight playing upon them. They were such a handsome pair, and played so splendidly together that the audience were quite carried away with enthusiasm. Jeanne heard the occupant of a box call out: "What a handsome couple, they are made for one another!"

Jeanne could bear it no longer; she ran out of the theatre into the frosty air, quite unconscious of all save one thing, her mind filled with one thought only. "No, she shall not tempt him! I will save him."

Behind the curtain Victor and Carola still held each other by the hand. They had been called to the front three times and were doubtful whether to answer the calls again or not. The actress was more than ever in love with the handsome tenor, to whom she in great part owed this new triumph. Placing her arm upon his shoulder she fixed her eyes upon his as though she would fascinate him; then she nestled close to him and lifted her face to his so that her ruby lips were near his cheek. Victor's brain seemed to whirl, and for an instant he forgot himself: his lips touched hers. But it was only for an instant; the vision of Jeanne's pale face rose before him and brought him to his senses. If she had seen it! Her jealousy would be awful! He scorned himself for his momentary unfaithfulness and spurned the lovely, but unprincipled woman by his side.

He hurried away from her and went to the dressing-room. He looked about for his wife, but she was not to be seen.

"She saw us," he muttered bitterly. "Oh, fool that I was not to beware of that woman!"

He dressed quickly, made his way out of the theatre and jumped into a cab. The slowness of the vehicle irritated him; he was worried about Jeanne. Perhaps she had hurt herself badly as she fell. He had made no inquiries in the theatre. But he would certainly have heard of it. No, she had gone home, and he must be prepared for a terrible scene. He would soothe her, throw himself at her feet and ask her forgiveness.

Home at last! He ran upstairs and opened the door. He expected to receive a volley of abuse, but to his surprise all was quiet. The dark shade of the lamp concentrated the light on the table, leaving the rest of the place in comparative darkness; the tea was ready, and on looking round he saw his wife reclining on the couch. She was very pale, very grave, and her eyes had a timid expression, as though she dreaded his coming. The look in her eyes seemed to say, "Forgive me!"

It was very cosy and quiet in this room. His usual cup of tea was steaming in the urn, and the whole surrounding so different to the wearing, exciting life of the theatres with their make-believe, that his heart went out to his wife and he kissed her fondly, and murmured, "My dear little Jeanne."

She smiled sadly, without saying a word. She went to the table and poured out the tea, and he seated himself opposite her in his usual place. He was thirsty; it had been a trying evening in many ways and the aroma of the tea was pleasant. He drank the cupful right off although it was hot, and handed the cup to his wife to be filled again.

She did not speak, and he was rather worried at her silence; he knew that he had not behaved well to her that evening, in spite of her foolish ideas. Still, she would come round directly and all would be well.

His throat felt more dry now than when he came in. He drank off the second cup, and as he set it down he noticed the mad look in his wife's eyes—a look of triumph. He sprang to his feet, but was obliged to sink on to the couch. Everything appeared to be going round; his throat and stomach seemed on fire. He tried to cry out, but no sound came. He looked at Jeanne; he saw her eyes, wide open, fixed upon him with a glassy stare. He understood all now; she had poisoned him! He writhed convulsively; his thoughts went from Jeanne to Carola, then back to a reminiscence of his boyhood; he saw the will-o'-the-wisps which he had often watched in his early years. How they danced! They were coming towards him! Larger and larger they grew; great flames they were now; he felt the heat from them, they were scorching him, burning him! A great cry burst from his lips—then all was still!

Jeanne, who had at first recoiled from him, approached and kissed her husband when she saw that he was still, and knelt by the side of the couch. A great calm seemed to have descended upon her soul. There was no feeling of regret or remorse. She was filled with one thought, which made her happy. The poor overturned brain was capable of one thought only: "I have saved him from the temptress!"

The next day, not being able to get any answer, the people called in the police to break open the door. When they entered they found Jeanne in the same position, kneeling by the couch, and all they could get out of her was, "I have saved him! See how peacefully he sleeps!"

In the lunatic asylum, whither she was sent, she is regarded as a model inmate. She is always gentle and resigned, and performs the duties given to her in a scrupulous manner. It is only when her husband's name is mentioned that her expression changes. A strange smile lights up her usually expressionless countenance, and she says, "Hush! he is asleep. I saved him, and he is happy now. I saved him!"

"Ah!" said her brother, who told me this story, "she believes she saved him, whereas other people say she is mad. I wonder which is correct."

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Printed and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, at "Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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WHAT AILED THE MAN IN 35.

I HAD just blown out the candle and crawled into bed. It was at the Lamb Inn, at one of the cathedral cities of England. My room was 34, and presently I heard a man bid the waiter good-night and enter 35, the next room. Ten minutes later, having fallen into a doze, I was startled by a tremendous racket in 35. The bell downstairs rang an alarm, peal on peal. Jumping from bed, I pulled on some clothes and rushed into the hallway. The landlady and two or three servants had just arrived. Together we entered 35, where we found a big burly man seemingly half choked to death. He was purple in the face, his eyes were staring and bloodshot, he wheezed and whistled, he went from chair to chair, he ran out into the hallway. I saw what ailed him. I gave him sal volatile and brandy, opened the window, and made the servants carry away the feather bed. In a little time he was better, but he wouldn't lie down; he spent the rest of the night in a big easy chair.

"It was that infernal candle smoke that did it," he gasped. "There was no extinguisher, and I got a whiff that set me going. I have always been subject to it. Sorry to be such a nuisance; I'll do now."

There are lots of people like him. Here is another, namely, Mrs. Eliza Mary Cantle, who lives at 4, Thorngate Buildings, Forton Road, Gosport. She says, "I was taken with shortness of breath, and for over two years I couldn't lie down in bed for fear of being suffocated. Something like a ball used to rise up in my throat and seemed to choke me. For years I sat up in bed propped with pillows, and got what sleep I could that way."

That was bad—very bad; and yet very common. You know what it is called, of course—asthma; substantially the same thing as epilepsy, catalepsy, hysteria, and that kind of spasms which end in making the body as stiff as though it were three days dead.

But what causes it? Can it be cured? you ask. One thing at a time. Let's first finish with Mrs. Cantle's experience. The beginning of that lies behind us—seven years or so—August, 1886. She began by feeling weak, nervous, and generally ailing. She had a bad taste in the mouth, poor appetite, headache, heaviness, and a sense of want of warmth and vigour in the stomach; and the looking-glass showed her that her skin and eyes were getting of a sickly yellow complexion. By and by matters were much worse with her. After taking even simple morsels of food she had pain in the chest amounting to agony. On this, she says, she became afraid to eat We can well believe it.

"Then," she adds, "I had dreadful attacks of giddiness, specks floated before my eyes so I could scarcely see, and I could stand only by taking hold of the furniture."

After this came the terrible time with the asthma—already described.

Her letter, dated September 20th, 1893, concludes with these words: "I was now very thin, and so feeble I had to keep in bed for weeks at a time, I was *literally starving for want of food*, yet didn't dare to touch anything solid. The doctor who attended me gave me medicines, but they did no good. At last a friend from Fratton told me how she had been benefited by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She brought me a bottle, and I began with it. In a few days I felt better than I had for years. My breathing was easy, and I could eat. I kept on with the Syrup, and was soon as well as ever. In my opinion this remedy saved my life. (Signed) Eliza Mary Cantle."

Very good. A noble result. Yet very natural too. Asthma is not a disease of the lungs, as some wrongly think, but is caused by the poisons of indigestion and dyspepsia entering the blood and prostrating the nervous system. And as the lungs, like all the other organs, are operated by the nerves, they fail when the nerves fail. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup abolishes the cause, and the effect goes away with it. Don't forget it.

If the man in 35 had used the Syrup months before we met at "The Lamb," he wouldn't have scared the whole household half out of their wits.

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FIFTY FAMOUS BOOKS AND THE LESSONS THEY TEACH.

"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN" take ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"IN TIMES OF PERIL" fly to ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"PUT TO THE TEST" for fifty years ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE AMERICANS," "FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE," "calkerlate" by BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET" is a judicious use of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"PETER SIMPLE" will act wisely by taking ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"CALLED BACK" by the use of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"DUTY," "THRIFT," and "SELF-HELP" point clearly to ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM" but not his box of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"IN THE TRACK OF THE TROOPS" we find ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD" is risky without a box of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"LANDING A PRIZE" is swallowing one of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"GREAT EXPECTATIONS" realised these "HARD TIMES" by the use of ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY" would say "THE ONE THING NEEDFUL" now is BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE WISE WOMAN," "MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW" takes ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"BROAD SHADOWS IN LIFE'S PATHWAY" may be dispersed with ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THROUGH PRAIRIE AND FOREST" "FROM POLE TO POLE" take ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN," after the introduction of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH" was "WILLING TO DIE" till "SHE" tried ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"ONE IN A THOUSAND" as an antidote is ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"PRECAUTION" says "Lay in a stock of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB" was due to ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"MY LIFE AND WHAT I SHALL DO WITH IT?" Enjoy it with the aid of ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"FROM POWDER MONKEY TO ADMIRAL" our seamen will have ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"RODERICK RANDOM," like other Apothecaries, would know the value of ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"NORTH AND SOUTH" "THE COURT AND THE COTTAGE" are supplied with BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" favourably by using ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED," the effects of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES" is undoubtedly ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?" "SECOND TO NONE" are ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH" since the advent of ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN," every "NIGHT AND MORNING" takes ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE" till he took ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE" and try ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"AFTER LONG GRIEF AND PAIN" don't lose heart but try ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"MEN OF CHARACTER," "CONFIDENCE," "ABOVE SUSPICION" recommend BEECHAM'S PILLS.
"THE DAY WILL COME" when all the world will take ... ... BEECHAM'S PILLS.

All communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, 2, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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